EXCLUSIVE!
The John-John
Interview: Mobutu

SELLING GROVER NORQUIST—TUCKER CARLSON

THE NEW REPUBLIC

JUNE 9, 1997 • $2.95

Anne Hollander Unmasks Chaplin • Robert Brustein Unmasks a Fraud

PEDDLING POPPY

George Bush Was a Great, Great President. Uh-huh.

BY STEPHEN GLASS

RON K UNZ
555 BRYANT ST #371 LF
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

009

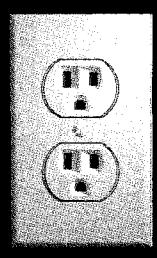
#BXBKDML ***5-DIGIT 94301
#TNR0000068I71/5#43 26MAR01

23
0 787445 1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who supplies the energy that's good for industry, good for the economy and good for the environment?

New efficient electric technologies use less energy. Which gives American business and industry a big competitive edge. And which helps us all breathe a little easier.



AMERICA'S ELECTRIC UTILITY COMPANIES™

The power to make life better.

© Edison Electric Institute.1997

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

JUNE 9, 1997

FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUE 4,299

Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
MICHAEL KELLY
Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER
Acting Executive Editor
PETER BEINART
Senior Editors
JOHN B. JUDIS, CHARLES LANE (On Leave), WILLIAM POWERS, HANNA ROSIN, ANDREW SULLIVAN, MARGARET TALBOT, JAMES WOOD
Legal Affairs
JEFFREY ROSEN
Managing Editor
DAVID GRANN
Assistant Managing Editor
DEBRA DUROCHER
Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN
Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN
Poetry
MARK STRAND
Dance
MINDY ALOFF
Photography
LUC SANTE
Art
JED PERL
New Republic Books (Basic Books)
PAUL GOLOB
New Republic Online (Electronic Newsstand)
BRIAN HECHT
Contributing Editors
FOUAD AJAMI, ELIOT A. COHEN, STANLEY CROUCH, JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN, NATHAN GLAZER, ANN HULBERT, MICKEY KAUS, MICHAEL KINSLEY, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, VINT LAWRENCE, MICHAEL LEWIS, GLENN LOURY, DOUGLAS G. McGRATH, LOUIS MENAND, DAVID RIEFF, ROGER ROSENBLATT, MICHAEL J. SANDEL, MAGGIE SCARF, ROBERT SHAPIRO, RONALD STEEL, E.V. THAW, TOM TOLES, TATYANA TOLSTAYA, MICHAEL WALZER, JACOB WEISBERG, SEAN WILENTZ, ALAN WOLFE, C. VANN WOODWARD, ROBERT WRIGHT
Special Correspondent
ANNA HUSARSKA
Associate Editors
JACOB HEILBRUNN, RUTH SHALIT
Design Consultant
ERIC BAKER
Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY
Production Director
BRUCE STEINKE
Production Manager
HENRY RIGGS
Assistant Editors
SUSAN ELLINGWOOD, ROBYN GEAREY, STEPHEN GLASS
Assistant Literary Editor
MELANIE REHAK
Staff Writer
JONATHAN CHAIT
Reporter-Researchers
CATHERINE ELTON, SYDNEY FREEDBERG JR., ROMESH RATNESAR

President and Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON
Vice President
JAMES J. McCABE
Associate Publisher-Advertising
JENNIFER BARRETT
Associate Publisher-Circulation
JAMES J. SMITH
Controller
CHRISTINA R. BONIFER
Circulation Director
CECELIA M. STEPHENS
Marketing Manager
SHABNAM K. SHARMA
Advertising Manager
ASHLEY H. COOPER
Accounting Assistants
JACQUELYN M. McCULLOUGH, JEANNINE HARRIS
Circulation Assistant
CLAIRE P. STERN
Advertising Assistant
KATHLEEN WILEY
Back Issues and Reception
MARGO JOHNSON

Cover by Eric Baker for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Illustration by Pat Oliphant. Article on page 20.

4 **CORRESPONDENCE** Antonin Scalia, handsome dog &c.

6 **MICHAEL KELLY** TRB: IN PRINCIPLE Dick Gephardt takes the first of many hands.

7 **THE EDITORS** VOICE LESSONS Bill Clinton's new offensive against AIDS.

8 **NOTEBOOK** David Hackworth isn't embarrassed, the GOP should be &c.

10 **THE JOHN-JOHN INTERVIEW: MOBUTU** My latest chat with a really neat guy (transcribed by Hanna Rosin).

11 **WILLIAM POWERS** MEDIA REX: GETTING KATHIE LEE *The Washington Post* says the supermarket tabloids are a national disgrace. Actually, they're the national conscience.

12 **JOHN B. JUDIS** BUST BUSTING Has Robert Rubin ended the business cycle?

15 **TUCKER CARLSON** WHAT I SOLD AT THE REVOLUTION Meet Grover G. Norquist, strategist to Newt and a passionate, antigovernment radical who saw his party come to power and discovered that the Washington establishment wasn't so bad after all.

20 **STEPHEN GLASS** PEDDLING POPPY A lot of people have a lot riding on making sure history does not brand George Bush the Republican Jimmy Carter. And so the weird, desperate movement to save the Bush legacy has begun.

29 **MICHAEL WALZER** THE HARD QUESTIONS: FEED THE FACE The real case against assisted suicide.

30 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: IN THE COURSE OF TIME *Brassed Off* is a well-timed picture about labor (and Labour) struggles in England; *Love! Valour! Compassion!* comes, happily, too late.

32 **ROBERT BRUSTEIN** ON THEATER: FUNDING AUDIENCES The Lila Wallace-Reader's Digest Fund and the influence of external money on internal aesthetics.

34 **RICHARD A. POSNER** BAD FAITH *A Critique of Adjudication (fin de siècle)* by Duncan Kennedy

38 **ANNE HOLLANDER** THE TRAMP RUSH *Charlie Chaplin and His Times* by Kenneth S. Lynn

42 **EAMON GRENNAN** POEM *Gift*

44 **CLARE CAVANAGH** THE PENITENT *Aleksander Wat: Life and Art of an Iconoclast* by Tomas Venclova

50 **LEON WIESELTIER** WASHINGTON DIARIST: IMMEMORIAL

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 216, Number 23, Issue 4,299, June 9, 1997. (Printed in the U.S. on May 21, 1997.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 6 & 13, July 14 & 21, Aug. 11 & 18, and Sept. 8 & 15, 1997) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. The New Republic Advertising Sales Office (212) 702-4882. Yearly subscriptions, $69.97; foreign, $99.97; Canada, $84.97. Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage & handling).

© 1997 by The New Republic, Inc.

(ISSN 0028-6583). Periodicals postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Microform, Canadian Periodical Index, CD-ROM, issue and article copies are available through University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone 1-800-521-0600. Internet mail address: tnr@aol.com Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 37298, Boone, IA 50037-0298. For subscription problems call 800-827-1289.

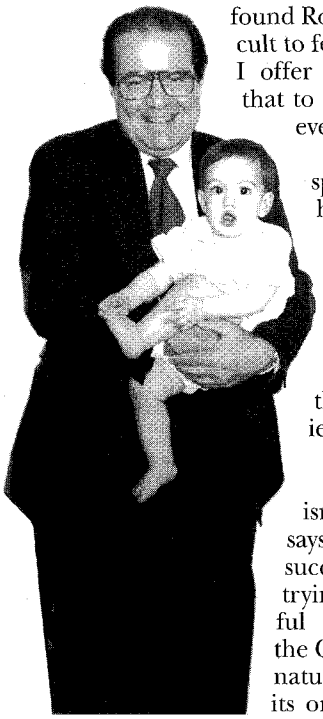
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Judge not

To the editors:

Your readers must be pleased to have a Generation X legal correspondent who is cannier than my father—Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia—and Laurence Tribe and Ronald Dworkin all rolled together: Jeffrey Rosen ("Originalist Sin," May 5). To those proud general readers who nonetheless found Rosen's piece difficult to follow (or finish), I offer the consolation that to a lawyer it made even less sense.



First, Rosen spends much of his piece stumbling over an imagined gulf between originalism and textualism—which he says my father once embodied—and between these methods and "traditionalism," to which he says the Justice has succumbed. But in trying to be faithful to the text of the Constitution, one naturally considers its original meaning, which is discerned partly in the traditions of the time it was written. That my father considers tradition hardly proves that he has abandoned the text or original meaning.

Second, your readers deserve to know that Rosen criticizes my father for positions he never took, and for failing to take positions further removed from the "mainstream" than any opinion my father has written. Rosen claims to unmask the politically loaded nature of originalism in a century-old theory attributed to Thomas Cooley—it is a theory my father has never espoused. Rosen spins an "at least arguable" (high praise!) explanation why the Colorado "gay rights" law violated the equal protection clause, and scores my father for not taking the same approach; yet Rosen's approach was taken by no justice of the Court. For pages, Rosen belabors an interpretation of the privileges and immunities clause that is interesting (though hardly his own), but that the Supreme Court rejected a century ago. And when in such instances my father explains supposed departures from his preferred method on grounds partly of precedent, Rosen chooses not to give this undeniably accomplished judge and scholar the benefit of any doubt but to charge instead that the Justice is a liar and a culture warrior running for president.

Rosen is right about one thing: since my father's arrival, the Court's opinions are more rigorous, more cerebral, more legal. It is a change that TNR of all magazines—home once to Hand, Frankfurter, Bickel and Bork—should celebrate, even when it disputes particular applications and decisions. What Rosen offers instead, in this and other articles, is ad hominem, drive-by style journalism in the Sidney Blumenthal tradition. Your readers deserve better. So do your predecessors.

My final point is regarding the drawing of my father on the cover: it was horrid, and made him look like Swamp Thing. Enclosed is a photograph that I ask you to publish to show what a kindly and handsome fellow he is.

EUGENE SCALIA
McLean, Virginia

Sex, lies and loopholes

To the editors:

In his May 5 article, "Out of Order," Joseph Landau writes that a "loophole in Title VII ... makes it nearly impossible for victims of same-sex sexual harassment to seek relief," and that federal judges have "repeatedly thrown out such cases...." He cites me for the proposition that "many harassers are going unpunished at a time when hundreds of same-sex harassment cases are filling the lower courts."

Well, yes and no. I also told Landau that the lower federal courts are very divided over the question of whether Title VII prohibits same-sex harassment in the workplace, and that some federal circuit courts have specifically rejected the reasoning of the Fifth Circuit that "same-sex harassment claims are not viable under Title VII." Also, some state appellate courts have recognized same-sex harassment claims under state sex discrimination laws. But that part of our conversation never found its way into Landau's article, presumably because it did not fit into his agenda of making it look like virtually nobody can prevail on a same-sex harassment claim in federal court.

The Supreme Court should review the Fifth Circuit's *Oncale* decision because the lower courts are badly split over the important question of whether Title VII ever applies to a same-sex harassment case. Congress should consider passing a law targeting all workplace harassment of a sexual nature, regardless of the genders of the harasser and harassee, because nobody should have to put up with sexual harassment of any kind when they are at work. And Landau should remember when reporting on legal doctrines in flux that giving half a picture can disserve the cause he is trying to advance.

ARTHUR S. LEONARD
New York, New York

Joseph Landau replies:

Professor Leonard and I agree that Congress should outlaw all forms of workplace sexual harassment; that is fundamental. The thrust of my argument is that federal appeals courts—particularly the Fourth Circuit—exonerate perpetrators of same-sex sexual harassment by presuming them to be straight. *Oncale* does not address this anomaly and will not dramatically clear up the matter. That certain plaintiffs have found state courts more sympathetic—indeed the closing point of my article—does not undermine the fact that the relationship between Title VII, the Supreme Court and Congress is a matter of federal law.

Common ground

To the editors:

Daniel Pipes's contention that Jews should rule an undivided Jerusalem ("If I Forget Thee," April 28) rests on two arguments. The first is that, like Mecca, Jerusalem is primarily about religion. If only it were that simple. Jerusalem is the political capital of Israel and the sought-after capital of Palestine. It is also an everyday city in which Jews, Muslims, Christians and others share common territory and will have to live together no matter what religious or political arguments are made for its ownership or governance. Of all three questions—religious, political and everyday—the religious may well be the easiest to resolve. The special status of the Old City, with all the shrines Pipes cites as holy to Jews and Muslims, is in the end more likely to be accepted than any political or functional subdivision.

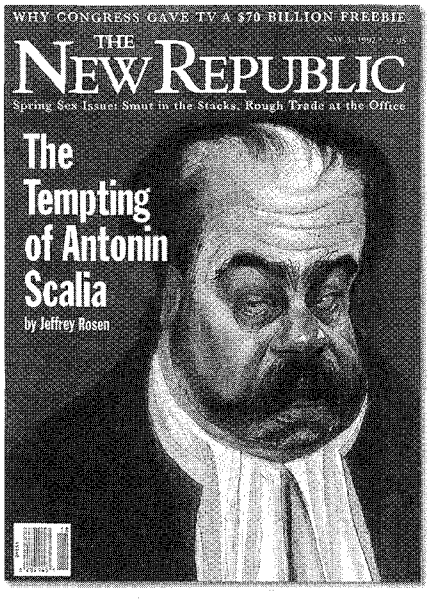
Pipes's second claim is that, because Islam's prophets and other leaders have been opportunistic about Jerusalem's religious significance to Islam, Jews should control Jerusalem. But, for the Zionist fathers of Israel, Jerusalem was not the preferred political capital of their country. The founder of modern Zionism, Theodor Herzl—like Golda Meir some fifty years later—wanted Israel's capital built on Mount Carmel in Haifa overlooking the Mediterranean Sea. Chaim Bialik, the great Hebrew poet,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

preferred Tel Aviv because "our hands have built it from its foundation to the roof." Chaim Weizmann felt ill at ease in Jerusalem, while David Ben-Gurion proposed Kurnub in the Negev as the new capital city of Israel. Should we dismiss the justifiable passion of today's Israelis for Jerusalem as their political capital because so many of the great leaders of their past felt differently?

How Jerusalem will be shared will not be based on religion alone. Nor will good agreements on the future of this greatest of all religious/political/everyday cities come about by Israelis and Palestinians finding faults in their opponents' histories.

JULIAN BEINART
Cambridge, Massachusetts


WHY CONGRESS GAVE TV A $70 BILLION FREEBIE
THE NEW REPUBLIC
Spring Sex Issue: Smut in the Stacks, Rough Trade at the Office
The Tempting of Antonin Scalia
by Jeffrey Rosen

Goose egg

To the editors:

Catherine Elton's May 5 piece, "Balanced Books," was well written and fairly presented with two significant exceptions: accusing me of misrepresentation and tricking me into looking stupid.

The first problem was Elton's accusation that Family Friendly Libraries has disingenuously represented itself as being ideologically neutral in contrast to our obviously conservative and traditional family charter. I'm puzzled by her confusion. FFL is, by public record, educational, nonprofit and nonsectarian. We are not officially religious or tax exempt. Anyone of any faith or political persuasion can join. Some join just to keep an eye on us, and that's permitted, too. However, I've never hidden the fact that I'm a Christian and believe in the United States's historic Judeo-Christian values.

FFL has always been defined to have conservative goals and purposes. Early in our operation I willingly gave an inquisitive Apple Computer fellow named Steve Crisler permission to post our vision statement and my answers to his questions on the Internet. How is this open sharing disingenuous?

At the same time, like most reasonable Americans, we support the principle that public libraries should carry books and other information sources containing opposing points of view on all of today's controversial issues. Even if I were president of the ALA, I would not try to change that basic modus operandi because knowing and understanding one's opponents is a necessary step toward dealing effectively with the issues about which we disagree. But a public library with materials from many points of view can and must still take responsible, supportive positions on the majority community values reflected in the laws, statutes and policies of the law-abiding citizens who pay the taxes that pay for the library. That includes the acknowledgment that children and adults are different and merit different treatment. If the town won't sell *Playboy* to a minor, neither should the library give children access to it. If the local Blockbuster Video won't rent R-rated films to kids without a parental signature, the local libraries should follow suit.

My second complaint is Elton's sin of omission, which was meant to trap me into making what appears to be an embarrassing snap judgment with regard to a particular book. In fact, she practiced her own version of censorship by forbidding me to have the fully disclosed information I needed to make an informed decision. She obviously was not really interested in my complete opinion—just enough to use for her own agenda of ridicule. What she really did, by her dishonesty, was rob your readers of the opportunity to know what my answer would have been if she had disclosed from the beginning that the poem and picture she faxed to me about two men in bed came from the original version of *Mother Goose*. I will make up for her ethical lapse by telling you anyway.

Mother Goose or not, I stand by my original recommendation. Though unmarried adults sharing beds was once made necessary by the poverty and space limitations of earlier times, in our sexually charged modern era the picture and poem naturally conjure up an entirely different interpretation and connotation. Whether you're for or against the political agenda of the gay activists, homosexuality remains for all a family sensitive topic. Such emotionally charged and controversial issues are better found as subjects filed where mom or dad will find them first rather than a young

continued on page 48

Criminal Pursuits

Our Guys
The Glen Ridge Rape and the Secret Life of the Perfect Suburb
by BERNARD LEFKOWITZ
"Gripping...Lefkowitz takes one single event and brings his readers face to face with the smug arro-gance of predatory male sexual entitlement. And he does it not with a sweeping analysis but with a novelist's eye for precise detail, a tightly wound tale, elegantly told."
—Michael Kimmel, author of *Manhood in America*
"A scathing indictment."
—*Kirkus Reviews*
$29.95 hardcover

Nothing Bad Happens to Good Girls
Fear of Crime in Women's Lives
by ESTHER MADRIZ
"With great insight and sensitivity, Madriz explores the important and timely issue.... *Nothing Bad Happens to Good Girls* is a gem—a major contribution to our understanding of the day to day conflicts women face in the U.S. today." —Ruth Sidel, author of *Keeping Women and Children Last*
"A provocative tour de force."
—Gregg Barak, author of *Gimme Shelter*
$40.00 hardcover, $14.95 paperback

At bookstores or order 1-800-822-6657
University of California Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

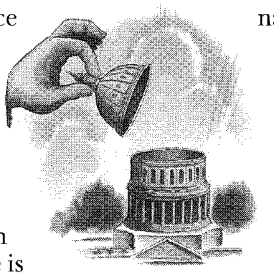
TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

In principle

Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. Dick Gephardt is standing on principle again. You can tell he is because he said so himself. "I do this as a matter of principle," the House minority leader said in announcing his opposition to the balanced budget deal porked out, I'm sorry, worked out, between Congress and the White House. The last time Gephardt stood on principle, as it happens, was the last time he was seeking what he is seeking again, the presidential support of the left and labor factions of the Democratic Party. That was in the early caucuses and primaries of 1988, when Gephardt, facing more or less New Democratic challenges from Al Gore (more) and Michael Dukakis (less), first emerged as an Old Populist.

Hendrik Hertzberg, who covered the 1988 campaign for TNR, wrote a memorable description of Gephardt just after he won the Iowa caucus. He is, Hertzberg said, "a man who puts me in mind, unreasonably to be sure, of an earthling whose body has been taken over by space aliens. I keep expecting him to reach under his chin and peel back that immobile, monochromatic, oddly smooth face to reveal the lizard beneath." In the fullness of time, the only thing that seems wrong with this description is that it is perhaps a little unfair to space aliens and lizards.



Gephardt's opposition to the budget deal fashioned by the leader of his party was not meant, of course, to deter the budget deal. His fellow House Democratic leaders have all signed on in support of the bill, and there is not any real chance of a kill-the-deal movement springing up to follow Gephardt's courageous lead. No, the point is to deter Gore. Not a task for the fainthearted. Gore is not only the overwhelming Democratic front-runner for 2000 by dint of position; he is also a naturally dangerous opponent. He is at least as ferociously ambitious as Gephardt, and he can whip a blade across a windpipe as neatly as anyone in politics.

So desperate measures are called for, and we may expect a steady parade of Gephardtian stands on principle over the next three years. *The New York Times*, in its account of this week's fit of principle, reported that Gephardt already feels several others coming on, and Gerald F. Seib noted in *The Wall Street Journal* that Gephardt has already scheduled a speech for next week to deliver a principled call for linking trade with human rights and worker protections and, by extension, for opposing the White House's request for a continuation of most favored nation status to China.

There will, I imagine, be many more. Dan Burton, the House Republican attack dog on fund-raising, will announce that he is pursuing contempt of Congress charges against the entire White House, including the gardening staff and the Marine Band. On principle, Gephardt will call a press conference on the steps of the Jefferson Memorial, where he will throw his support behind Burton, saying that "painful as it is for me, as a proud Democrat, to admit that there is considerable evidence that the Gore-Clinton administration, which we all applaud for its many accomplishments, is deeply, disturbingly compromised, the time has come to put country ahead of party." That same day, the Gephardt Center for a Return to Honesty in Politics will issue a report, "Sell-Out: How the Gore-Clinton Money Machine Peddled America to a Bunch of Asians Who Want Your Jobs," calling for the appointment of an independent counsel "to investigate absolutely credible and entirely plausible allegations that the Vice President of the United States, a 'covered person,' under the terms of the Independent Counsel Act, is in fact a big liar."

The appointed time will come for a U.S. pullout from Bosnia, and the administration will not have a plan to deal with this. On principle, Gephardt will deliver a major foreign policy address at the Holocaust Museum, "Who Lost Bosnia? The Moral Failure of the Gore-Clinton Policy of Kowtowing to Brutal Foreign Warlords Who Want Your Jobs." He will declare Gore the "hidden architect of our Balkan nightmare," and compare the vice president to Neville Chamberlain, to Chamberlain's advantage.

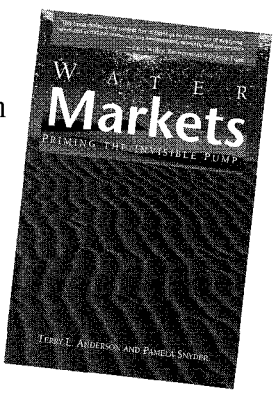
On principle, the Gephardt Commission on Fairness for Working Men and Women will issue a report, "Decade of Greed II: The Gore-Clinton Years," detailing how, under eight years of "Reagan-Gore-Clintonomics," the rich got richer, the poor got poorer, and, as the report will note, "the annual income of the aver-

continued on page 49

"This book makes a dry subject fun. It belongs on the shelves of everyone interested in natural resources, the environment, markets, and governance."

—**Zach Willey,** Environmental Defense Fund

Is the West running out of water? Do we face "the browning of America"? Although there has been greater reliance on water markets in the past decade, Terry Anderson and Pamela Snyder argue that further use of markets could improve water use efficiency and environmental quality. They present examples of how water markets are working in the United States and elsewhere and show where water policy is headed.



Water Markets: Priming the Invisible Pump
by Terry L. Anderson and Pamela Snyder
218 pages, $10.95 paper/$19.95 cloth

CATO INSTITUTE

Call toll-free to order: 1-800-767-1241 (noon-9 p.m. eastern time, Monday-Friday)
1000 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

JUNE 9, 1997

VOICE LESSONS

"If I could wave my arm and make HIV-positive go away and all of you that have it, I would, so help me God I would, and I'd give up my race for the White House for that." —Bill Clinton, in a speech at a gay fund-raiser in Los Angeles, May 1992.

There is no doubting the sincerity of the man, or of his emotions, at least when he is speaking. Compared to his predecessors, who found it hard to mention AIDS, and who avoided visiting the AIDS Memorial Quilt even when it was spread out in front of the White House South Lawn, our current president and his wife have been avatars of raised consciousness. And yet, how easy a statement it was. Of course he wanted to make HIV go away by waving his arm. Who wouldn't? But when it has come to doing something harder than arm-waving—when it has come to paying a political price for attacking AIDS, or raising difficult moral issues in defense of people with HIV, or even spending serious money on ending the deadliest plague in modern times—the president has been his usual, frustrating self.

All these virtues and failings are on display again. The president's call last week for an HIV vaccine within ten years is on the face of it unobjectionable enough. True, most scientists are deeply skeptical of the possibility of an HIV vaccine—HIV is a complex, multi-strained retrovirus that's in a constant ferment of mutation, exceedingly difficult to vaccinate against. But that doesn't mean that basic research into a vaccine couldn't bear fruit—even for those already infected—by opening up areas for bold, basic investigation. And the president can play a role in this—in demanding new standards and new expectations.

But there is something so merely arm-waving about calling for a vaccine. It is a laudable goal, but there are many more pressing concerns that Clinton could address. Given the recent astonishing success with protease inhibitors, wouldn't it make more sense to intensify the effort along these proven lines rather than along dubious and unproven ones? Why not demand a realistic cure within five years rather than an elusive vaccine within ten? The two goals, in fact, are not exclusive. The apparent success of the new therapies in reducing the amount of virus in a person's blood and semen makes HIV-infected people less infectious. So the treatments become a means of prevention as well as a cure—a de facto vaccine if not an actual one. Yes, they're expensive, but in an accelerated race toward better and less debilitating regimens, the costs will inevitably fall and the payoffs increase. It seems odd that, at the moment these treatments have the potential to end AIDS as we know it, the president should start talking up a goal most scientists now view as pie in the sky.

Even odder, the president didn't mention those many poor people with HIV who can't access the drugs now because Medicaid doesn't cover those who aren't already disabled. Thanks to an insane bureaucratic rule, many HIV-positive people must have full-blown AIDS in order to qualify for Medicaid-funded combination therapy. This doesn't make any economic sense. However costly the new drugs are, they are far cheaper than treatments for AIDS infections down the line; the whole point is that the drug combinations are able to prevent those infections in the first place. The president recently apologized for the Tuskegee experiment. But, in 1997, poor HIV-positive people are being denied drugs we know work because they are not yet sick enough. Go figure.

Here are some other suggestions for a real AIDS bully pulpit: federally fund needle exchange programs that have been proven to save lives but that the administration refuses to advance. Confront one of the newest incubators of the virus—our prison system—and develop means to prevent HIV transmission among inmates. Push drug companies to develop speedier, earlier trials for children with HIV, many of whom are now denied the new drugs because there is no reliable data on their toxicity in the very young. And push the companies to accelerate the next generation of protease and reverse transcriptase inhibitors, drugs that could save the lives of those patients who are now failing on the current drug regimens.

We could go on. The president knows he could do things that would really matter, but he also knows that such things would have costs. Waxing lyrical about a vaccine ten years from now does not. Clinton's legacy on AIDS will be marked not by a vaccine seven years after he has left the stage, but by the actions he did not take when the stage was his. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTEBOOK

HACK WORK: On May 16, the one-year anniversary of the suicide of the chief of naval operations, Admiral Jeremy Michael Boorda, a remarkable thing happened. David Hackworth, the retired Army colonel and then-*Newsweek* contributor who accused Boorda of wearing two decorations he had not earned, admitted that he himself had two unearned decorations. As the online magazine *Slate* conclusively demonstrated last year, Hackworth, who has long promoted himself as America's "most decorated living soldier," is not just a raging egomaniac but—thanks to the forum that *Newsweek* and others have given him—a national embarrassment. Admiral Boorda was barely in his grave when Hackworth wrote in *Newsweek*: "To military people, especially those who have won awards for heroism, it is simply unthinkable that an experienced officer would wear decorations he is not entitled to, awards that others bled for. There is no greater disgrace." Confronted with his own case of medal inflation, Hackworth blamed the Army for the appearance of the unearned decorations on his résumé. Boorda at least took the blame for his error, calling it an "honest mistake." Some even saw his suicide as the ultimate act of honor. Hackworth, in contrast, was unbowed, judging from an interview with *The Washington Post*. " 'Do I feel humiliated and dishonored?' Hackworth asked rhetorically. 'Not at all.' " Meanwhile, *Newsweek* is putting as much distance as possible between itself and its erstwhile contributing editor. "The last thing he wrote for us was in September," said spokeswoman Karen Wheeler. "He was never a full-time staffer. He was a contract writer." It's nice to see the colonel discovering the esprit de press corps.

FUND-RAISING PIETY WATCH: The more time passes, the more it seems the White House's most reliable bulwark against the GOP's investigations into Democratic fund-raising scandals is ... the GOP. Senate Democrats are crowing about the Republican National Committee's red-faced admission that it, too, took foreign funny money, and may owe the Hong Kong company Young Brothers Development Co. an additional $500,000 for reneging on a loan. Senate Governmental Affairs Committee Chairman Fred Thompson has provided further ammunition by shooting down several Democratic subpoenas which deal with the Young-RNC connection. And, in the House, scandal sheriff Dan Burton is fending off charges that he took cash from Sikh temples, Caribbean medical-school owners and Mobutu lobbyists. So what are Republicans doing to reassert themselves as the party dedicated to a clean political system? Are they broadening their probe or pushing for new campaign finance reform legislation? Well, not exactly. House Appropriations Chairman Bob Livingston recently stripped $1.7 million in funding from the one entity that was set up to police Congress: the Federal Election Commission. With enemies like these ...

IN LIKE FLINN: There's more trouble ahead for the Air Force. As Secretary Sheila Widnall mulls whether to grant an honorable discharge to B-52 bomber pilot Lieutenant Kelly Flinn, who faces a court-martial on charges of adultery, disobedience, fraternization and lying to investigators, another female Air Force pilot—a former academy classmate of Flinn's—is launching a public crusade to fight her own court-martial charge. In several recent newspaper interviews, Lieutenant Crista Davis, who has confessed to a relationship with a married officer, has equated her plight with Flinn's. "Our cases are linked by the fact that we're both women and they're slamming us," Lieutenant Davis told *The New York Daily News*. She told *The Dallas Morning News* that her case was, at bottom, "about the persecution of women." There's just one problem: if Flinn's case is about a bit more than just adultery (the prosecution says she lied about her affair under oath and disobeyed an order to end it), Lieutenant Davis's case is about all this and more. She is being charged with disobeying orders, absence without leave, failure to complete assignments and conduct unbecoming an officer, including sending her lover's wife graphic, profanity-filled letters boasting about sex. Of course, there is some evidence that the Air Force is prosecuting lifestyle offenses selectively. But Davis's case is hardly proof that the Air Force is telling its female pilots, in the words of Davis's civilian attorney, to "get back in the kitchen and shut up."

ANARCHY IN THE U.K.: Some people are taking Tony Blair's promise of a New Britain a bit too seriously. According to *The Wall Street Journal*, image mavens at London's consulting firm Wolff Olins warn that "Britain's image is old-fashioned." So, to spruce it up, they suggest some bold moves: first, scrap the national flag and anthem; then take the "Great" out of "Great Britain." Rather, we say. But why stop there? Here are some of our own poll-tested suggestions: get the Spice Girls to remix "God Save the Queen"; digitize Big Ben; mass-market Royal Family Beanie Babies; include tanning sessions in the national health plan; swap all the British cooks for French ones; mandate sensitivity training before all soccer matches. And, while you're at it, why not rename the place Congo?

UNDUE DISCRETION: Representative Joseph P. Kennedy of Massachusetts rushed to the floor the other day with something very important to say. "We see every bit as much immorality take place on this floor or around this city as we do any place else in America," the Massachusetts Democrat declared with typical Kennedy outrage. And he should know. Unfortunately, some of his colleagues weren't ready to let him forget his own recent indiscretion. According to *The Hill*, New Jersey Representative Mike Pappas urged his fellow Republicans to "vot[e] against Congressman Kennedy's annulment ... I mean 'amendment.' " •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOOD READING FROM
CHICAGO

The Privilege against Self-Incrimination
Its Origins and Development
R. H. Helmholz, Charles M. Gray, John H. Langbein, Eben Moglen, Henry E. Smith, AND **Albert W. Alschuler**

"The essays definitively change our understanding of the history of the privilege against incrimination. This is what constitutional history should be, and so rarely is—clean, expert, undefiled scholarship, and, for the most part, mercifully free from polemic."
—Lawrence M. Friedman, author of *Crime and Punishment in American History*
Cloth $29.95

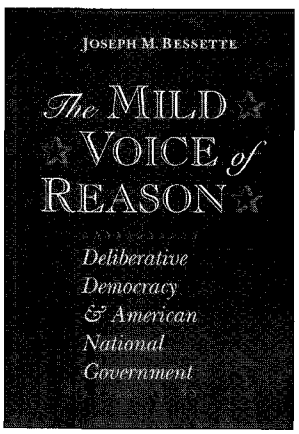
Hypocrisy and Integrity
Machiavelli, Rousseau, and the Ethics of Politics
Ruth W. Grant

"A lucid, elegantly written defense of the possibility that hypocrisy is not only the tribute that vice pays to virtue but may itself be virtuous by contrast to other alternatives, including hewing to hard and fast principles in such a way that political disaster results. Bound to promote debate about what counts as an authentically *political* ethic."—Jean Bethke Elshtain, author of *Democracy on Trial*
Cloth $22.50

Now in Paper
The Mild Voice of Reason
Deliberative Democracy and American National Government
Joseph M. Bessette

Joseph M. Bessette demonstrates not only the limitations of nondeliberative explanations for how laws are made but also the continued vitality of genuine reasoning on the merits of public policy.

"Thoughtful and compelling. . . . [There is] much to learn from this book."
—Paul J. Quirk, *Policy Currents*
Paper $15.95
American Politics and Political Economy Series

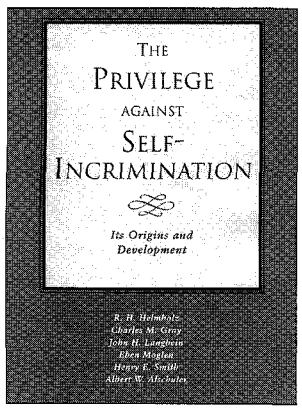


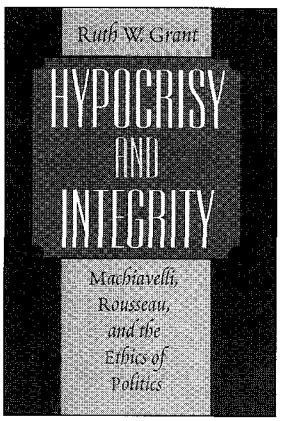
Now in Paper
Passions and Constraint
On the Theory of Liberal Democracy
Stephen Holmes

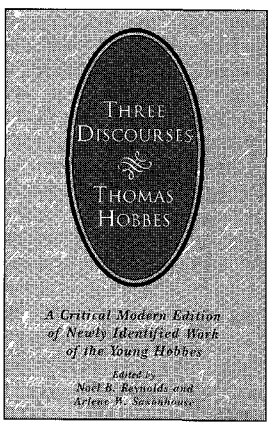
"Holmes argues for a positive conception of liberalism positively; state-building and theory-building work hand in hand. . . . This ought to be one of the most widely discussed works in political philosophy of the decade."—Alan Wolfe, *New Republic*
Paper $15.95

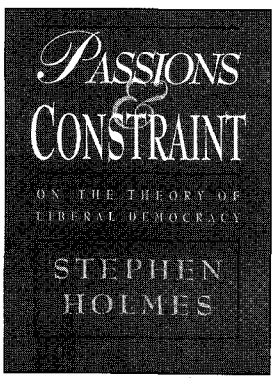
Now in Paper
Three Discourses
A Critical Modern Edition of Newly Identified Work of the Young Hobbes
Thomas Hobbes
Edited by **Noel B. Reynolds** and **Arlene W. Saxonhouse**

"It has taken more than 300 years, but Thomas Hobbes has a new book out. And what its editors suggest about the birth of modern political thought has reawakened an old debate and set scholars to hurling metaphorical inkpots at each other."—William H. Honan, *New York Times*
Paper $12.95









Available at bookstores

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Visit us at http://www.press.uchicago.edu

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mobutu a leopard in winter

I arrive by helicopter, blindfolded. After months of dodging media interviews, the great titan of Africa, Mobutu Sese Seko, has agreed to talk to *Grover*, on the condition that his location not be disclosed. As I am led down the runway into the house, I rely on my sense of smell for orientation. I can smell salt, a sea breeze (a little like Hyannisport), and what I later learn to be a peaceful grove of olive trees. I hear sheep bleating in the distance. (Do sheep really bleat? It sounds to me more like a blat.) Inside, the blindfold is removed. Mobutu's house turns out to be even nicer than the White House! The chandeliers glitter, the gold fixtures shine, the pink and white marble is so rich it looks like smoked salmon cream cheese. Carolyn would love the color scheme. And it's making me hungry, so it's a good thing we are about to eat.

A crooked old man leads me to a closet and opens the door. Inside are hundreds of pairs of leopard skin ankle socks—"footsies," as Mobutu calls them. I can barely make out a little girl crouched in the back of the dark closet painting little leopard spots on each sock. When she looks up and hands me some "footsies," I realize she looks like a black Alicia Silverstone. The "footsies" are warm and soft. Not as warm and soft as the "footsies" that Minister Louis Farrakhan gave me. Those are the best. (Do all black people wear "footsies"? Or is it a leader thing?) The old man closes the door and leads me to the dining room.

He has, after all, been through a lot. He is a regular rags-to-riches story, a true Horatio Alger.

The first thing I notice about Mobutu is his gentle smile. Much has been made of his dark scowl, but I think that misses the point. The scowl is just like an armor to protect him from life's blows. He has, after all, been through a lot. He is a regular rags-to-riches story, a true Horatio Alger. Born Joseph-Désiré Mobutu in 1930 and adopted by a hotel maid and a domestic cook, he rose to become president, weathering several controversies about his governing style. Now he is known as Mobutu Sese Seko Kuku Ngbendu waza Banga, which folks here tell me translates roughly as "the all-conquering warrior who, because of his endurance and inflexible will to win, will go from conquest to conquest leaving fire in his wake." Pretty impressive, huh? Well, as the late bare-knuckled political strategist Lee Atwater would say, "bring out the damn donuts."

JJ: Hi!

TACWWBOHEAIWTWWGFCTCLFIHW: Welcome, John. I want you to feel at home, put your feet up. Ask any question you want.

JJ: Thanks. That makes me feel a lot better. [Laughs. The old man laughs too. Mobutu shoots him.]

TAC, etc.: A glass of Taittinger? You know, you are a very attractive man.

My mom's side. Dad too, of course. [Raises glass in toast.] Cheers! Most American politicians would be envious of how you held on to power for over thirty years. How did you manage to do it?

Held?

Excuse me?

Why do you speak in the past? The past will unlock the door to the future. The rebels are vermin; they are like an infectious cancer that has infected the body of my beloved Zaire. The rebels take children hostage. They kill children. They eat children. My army is a stealth force. They are like the famed albino leopards of the mountains. They appear, they strike, they disappear. When I command them to descend from the mountains, they will be invincible.

Wow. Can I have another glass of that champagne?

Sure. It's pretty good, right? I always pick up a hundred or so cases when I pass through Paris.

You said once that you were "above party politics." Given all the bickering and stuff in Washington, that's something I think would resonate with the American people.

Yes. I feel that the party system is a Western contamination of authentic African ideals. L'état, c'est Mobutisme. I prefer to be the only candidate than to meddle with parties and ballots and candidates and MPR and FLC and blah blah blah. I have my own comic book. Wanna see it?

Sure! [Flips through book. It is filled with pictures of Super-Mobutu, gunning down enemies with an AK-47.] This is cool! I have a serious question, but don't be mad. Promise?

I promise.

OK. Some people have said that it's weird that you have a château on the Côte d'Azur, luxury homes in Lausanne, Paris, Spain, Belgium, Portugal and Switzerland, while the average salary in Zaire is $1 a day.

Calling me a thief is a grave and intolerable insult which stems from your contempt for African leaders and your racist condescension. I don't subscribe to the theory that African leaders are irresponsible about the development of their countries, that they waste available capital. I, for example, have invested in a castle in Gbadolite, in northern Zaire. Do you think the jacuzzi there heats itself? No, a Zairean heats it. Do you think the English garden there tends itself? No, a Zairean tends it.

Was it fun being president for so long?

Yeah. I loved it. You got to meet interesting people and do interesting things. Sometimes it got boring, but most of the time I liked it.

But folks in the press could get pretty mean sometimes.

You mean Howard French? He is like all the French. They are *poules mouillées, lavettes*. You know what those are? Dish rags. Wimps. One day they are your friends, and then you turn your back and they screw you.

Great hat.

Oh, thanks. I get these made in Lausanne. The handiwork there is not to be believed. My wife and concubine have matching skirts in the same fabric, à la Laura Ingraham. You know her?

Oh, sure.

(continued on page 275)

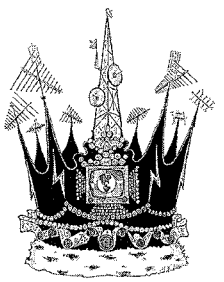
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEDIA REX

GETTING KATHIE LEE

By William Powers

Whenever the supermarket tabloids break another journalistic rule, the white-shirt media culture reacts in a fashion so familiar and routinized that it has become a kind of ceremony. One of the tabloids publishes a story that is outrageous not merely for its substance, which is usually sexual, but for the methods by which it was obtained: a hidden camera or tape recorder, a cash payment to a source. Almost immediately, a story appears in *The Washington Post* under the byline of media reporter Howard Kurtz, who plays two distinct but equally essential roles in this ritual. First, by delivering the scandal as a media story, Kurtz launders the news itself for mainstream resale. Generally, the *Post* and its peers consider stories about the trysting habits of politicians and entertainers far too downmarket for their news columns. But when one of these stories arrives in the frame of a chin-scratcher about media ethics, it's perfectly respectable. Second, by reporting that the tabloids have committed (again) a hideous transgression against journalistic ethics, Kurtz keeps the media gentry for whom he speaks at a comfortable distance from their guttersnipe cousins.



Thus, on May 17, the *Post* published Kurtz's report on the story of Frank Gifford's extramarital dalliance. "It looks like a typical tabloid exposé: Intimate photos of former football star Frank Gifford embracing a blonde who is very definitely not Kathie Lee Gifford," Kurtz wrote. "But the *Globe* did more than just publish the pictures: The supermarket tabloid paid the former flight attendant to entice Gifford into a Manhattan hotel room where a video camera was hidden, say sources familiar with the story. In other words, the *Globe* helped orchestrate the liaison between Gifford and a woman he had not previously slept with. Even some veteran tabloid warriors were stunned."

And so another juicy story paid for by the tabs passes into the mainstream press—for free. This process is fairly transparent, but the elite media get away with it by building their coverage of tabloid journalism upon two potent falsehoods: (1) that the tabloids are an alternative universe which is certainly amoral, and possibly immoral; and (2) that the stories which come from this place amount to "trash," information which plays to our basest instincts while telling us nothing worthwhile about ourselves. In fact, as the Frank Gifford story demonstrates, the supermarket weeklies are the unlikely tribunes of an exacting moral code, a set of rules that reflects how most Americans think about the world much more faithfully than does the minimalist moral system that informs the coverage of the big media outlets. By refusing to see this, we deny ourselves a true understanding of why tabloid journalism is so popular, profitable and influential, and why the prestige press will never sate its hunger for tabloid stories.

To understand the way the tabloids are misrepresented in the mainstream, one has to draw a distinction between journalistic methods and messages. It goes without saying that the tabloids have little regard for the principles taught in journalism school. Though some of them, most notably the *National Enquirer*, have become increasingly accurate in recent years, they still practice a fast-and-loose brand of reportage in which there are basically no rules except one: avoid libel suits.

But saying that the tabloids flout the journalistic code of ethics, bowing to no god except sales, is not to say that the stories they publish carry a similarly nihilistic message. On the contrary, undergirding all tabloid journalism is a rigid code of right and wrong, in which people are held to very particular standards of behavior. In this system, which may be the closest thing we have today to a universal populist ethos, all the ancient social norms are honored: thou shalt not kill, rape, steal, lie and so forth. But in the tabloids' reckoning of the world, which is calculated to mirror that of the supermarket masses, two sins in particular—pride and hypocrisy—have special importance. This is why the JonBenet Ramsey case, which in the tabloid storyline is really about two parents who exploited their daughter's beauty to feed their own pride, is the premier tabloid story of the day. Many children are murdered each year, but this is not just a murder story, it's a morality play about a "tiny beauty" and her wicked stage parents. "Away from the bright lights," the *Star* reported, "she just wanted to be a normal kid." This is probably pretty much the way most Americans see the story, too.

And to the tabloids, the O.J. Simpson story, which preceded JonBenet in the number-one spot, was not a parable about race, as the mainstream media suggested. It was about a celebrity who thought he was above the law. (And this is certainly the way a lot of people saw the O.J. case.) Nothing raises tabloid fury more than the spectacle of a celebrity getting away with something, or getting above himself. In the pages of the *National Enquirer*, drug abuse, infidelity and myriad other wrongs are often forgiven, but if you are caught pretending to be something you're not—*caught being too big for your britches*—they'll flay you. Far from mindlessly adoring celebrities in the way the New York glossies and many newspapers do, the tabloids cover movie stars and other famous people with one eye narrowed, ever-vigilant for phoniness, grossness or some species of immoral behavior. Violators are swiftly, gleefully cut down. It is ruthless and ugly and cruel, but it is arguably more honest than

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the way the proper press covers these things. Who do you think has a truer sense of Roseanne—the average tabloid reader or the reader of John Lahr's *New Yorker* valentine? When Magic Johnson was revealed to be infected with the HIV virus, who did a more brutally honest job of covering the story of his promiscuous lifestyle—the tabs or the *Times*?

Which brings us back to Frank Gifford and, more importantly, to his wife, Kathie Lee. There is something about Kathie Lee Gifford that seems to drive a lot of people crazy, a chirpy perkiness suspect for its degree and its ubiquity ("In the morning/In the evening/Ain't we got fun?") that violates the tabloids' cardinal rule: no phoniness. Gifford herself has referred to the problem, observing, in a *TV Guide* article, that half of America "want[s] to throw up every time they see me." Howard Stern, whose stock-in-trade is outing phonies, regularly savages Mrs. Gifford. *The Washington Post*'s TV critic Tom Shales has tapped the same vein, upbraiding Gifford for "mercilessly" exploiting her children, for "flaunting her affluence," and for her "self-delusional megalomania."

That the Frank Gifford story is really about Kathie Lee is obvious from the cover of the May 27 issue of the *Globe*, which bears the headline "CHEATING FRANK CAUGHT ON CAMERA!" Notably, the cover's photo of Kathie Lee is larger than that of Gifford, and, at the top left corner of the page, there is a black circle in which this phrase is printed in yellow block letters: "POOR KATHIE LEE." The tone here is the one we reserve for misfortunes that befall evil neighbors: the unmistakable sound of back-fence schadenfreude. Inside, the *Globe* explains why it published the damning photos. When it reported in the previous issue (without photos) that Gifford had been unfaithful, "a teary-eyed Kathie Lee blasted" the story in a commencement address at Marymount University, where she said "we live in a cash for trash age...." The *Globe* notes: "Ironically, the Catholic school, which campaigns against sweatshop abuses, honored Kathie Lee even though she was lambasted because her clothing line was made by Honduran kids working 20-hour days." So, the *Globe* said, it was "forced to print these revealing photos to prove to the 43-year-old Live [With Regis & Kathie Lee] hostess that her cheating husband is the one not telling the truth."

In short, the people demanded the head of Kathie Lee Gifford, and the *Globe* delivered. There's a cultural animus driving this story, and many others like it. It's easy to view them as just tabloid trash, remarkable only for the ethical lapses committed along the way. The elite media would have us view the situation like this, and no wonder: they've got a pretty good racket going on, pickpocketing the tabs' expensive stories with one hand and tsk-tsking them with the other. The real story, of course, is a tabloid classic. It's all about the hypocrisy and pride of a high-class set: the broadsheet press. Better hope the *Globe* doesn't get ahold of this one. •

The end of economic history.

BUST BUSTING

By John B. Judis

In 1969, government and academic economists, flush with a decade of unbroken expansion, held a conference titled *Is the Business Cycle Obsolete?* That year, MIT economist and former Kennedy adviser Paul Samuelson remarked that the National Bureau of Economic Research had "worked itself out of one of its first jobs, namely, the business cycle." Two years later, the economy had begun to turn down, and by 1974 it had plunged into the worst recession since the 1930s. Now, almost three decades past, with the economy entering the seventh year of recovery and the Dow soaring above 7000, politicians and economists are again touting the end of the business cycle.

Although they won't say so on the record, top officials at the Treasury Department believe that, with the proper mix of policies and the absence of external shocks, the United States can prolong the current expansion indefinitely. They can already point to some signs of success. In the past, falling unemployment rates were accompanied by rising prices, which in turn prompted the Federal Reserve to raise interest rates and choke off the recovery. But in this expansion, which began in 1991, global competition and the growing importance of high-tech services and manufacturing have held down inflation, even as unemployment has dropped below 5 percent. To buoy its optimism, the administration is also pointing privately to new theoretical support. Treasury officials, including Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin, have been influenced by academic papers written by Daniel E. Sichel, a former Treasury economist who now works for the Federal Reserve.

Sichel's argument is highly technical, based upon the application of complex statistical formulas to the business cycle, but it speaks to a debate that is not at all academic. The question of whether the economy must necessarily expand and then sharply contract is central to the great, and ongoing, debate of the modern era. Do business cycles represent an integral and unavoidable aspect of capitalist development—which means that a capitalist system must by its nature cause suffering? Or are these recessions essentially accidents, primarily the result of external shocks or misguided government policy? Many classical economists, as well as Marxists, took the view that cycles were internal by-products of capitalism, as ineluctable as the seasons. In his often cited *Prosperity and Depression*, classical economist Gottfried Haberler wrote that "the cyclical movement [of capitalism] has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Growth cannot continue forever on a finite planet

What the Wall Street Journal doesn't want you to ask

Drops in the barrel

A recent article in *The Wall Street Journal* reported that the new Hibernia oil field in Canada offered "over a billion barrels of high-quality crude" and that "the security of a nearby oil reserve largely owned by U.S. companies and in a friendly country is hard to overestimate."

The article failed to mention that one billion barrels could satisfy only 56 days of U.S. oil consumption, and that it doesn't significantly change the estimates of total world petroleum resources. Security, indeed!

One billion barrels would satisfy only 56 days of U.S. oil consumption

Bye-bye petroleum

The petroleum era is coming to an end. The *Journal* doesn't like that notion, because it conflicts with the idea of business as usual, and growth and profits forever. What happens as the resource dwindles? Natural gas, like petroleum, is limited. Coal, the dirtiest fuel, threatens the environment and global climate. Nuclear power is dangerous. World hydroelectric resources are mostly already developed or expandable only by flooding badly needed farmlands.

What, me worry?

The *Wall Street Journal* and other Cornucopians focus on the supply side. They claim that human ingenuity and technology will sustain the economic growth and development needed by a rapidly growing world population.

Global experiment

Consequently, much of the third world is engaged in a vast experiment to see if growth can go on forever. So is the United States, due to high immigration.

We are mortgaging the hopes of our grandchildren in pursuit of a mathematical absurdity. We risk damaging the biosphere upon which all economic activity ultimately depends.

The demand side

We must move to benign – and expensive – energy sources. More than that, we must reverse the growth in demand.

Every hour, there are over 9,000 more people on Earth. That's why, for 25 years, NPG has asked the question that others consider taboo: ***Why not gradually reduce human numbers to sustainable levels?***

Towards a sustainable society

The United States could set an example of how a nation can balance its resources and population – using voluntary and democratic methods.

A U.S. population of 150 million (what it was in 1950) would be sustainable in the long run. We can make the *gradual transition* to that level from today's 267 million by doing two things now:

Two and 100,000

Change our thinking patterns to encourage families to have no more than two children.

Restrict legal immigration to 100,000 per year, and enforce the laws that call for prompt deportation of illegal immigrants.

NPG
Negative Population Growth, Inc.
1608 20th Street, NW Suite 200
Washington, DC 20009
Voice: (201) 837-3555
E-mail: npg@npg.org
Visit our site at: www.npg.org

NPG is a nonprofit, national membership organization established in 1972. Annual dues are $30. To become a member, please send check to address above. Contributions to NPG are tax deductible to the extent the law allows.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a strong tendency to persist, even where there are no outstanding extraneous influences at work which can plausibly be held responsible."

Maynard Keynes and his immediate followers took the view that government policies could militate against cyclical downturns, easing the pain of ordinary citizens. The historical evidence seems to confirm that view: business contractions from 1890 to 1945 lasted longer than they have from 1945 to the present, when the government has played a much more decisive role in the economy. But Keynes did not believe that government policies would eliminate the business cycle altogether. There was no magic bullet. In contrast, economists in the late 1960s and the mid 1980s, many of whom worked in the Kennedy, Reagan and Bush administrations, began to argue that government—through its fiscal or monetary policy—could permanently eliminate downturns. That's where Sichel's argument comes in.

In a paper published in the *Review of Economics of Statistics* in 1991, Sichel surveys the length of expansions and contractions from 1854 to 1990. He discovers that, before World War II, business expansions were "duration dependent"—that is, the longer they continued, the more likely they were to end. Since World War II, he said, they are no longer duration dependent. "Probability forecasts of a recession should not be increased simply because the expansion is old," Sichel writes. Or in other words: you can't say a recession is coming simply because an expansion has continued for a long time.

One "partial explanation" for this, Sichel suggests, is "changes in macroeconomic policy after the war." Since 1945, government officials have consciously attempted to lengthen expansions by manipulating macroeconomic policy. When they made policy mistakes (such as financing the Vietnam War through inflationary spending) or pursued highly restrictive monetary policies (such as in 1979 and 1981), expansions have been cut short. But these "policy mistakes or tightenings were as likely for short expansions as for long expansions." They were not duration dependent. In short, Sichel shows how expansions no longer follow a predictable curve: they are no longer, like the seasons, necessarily ephemeral, fated to end.

Treasury officials have drawn still bolder conclusions from Sichel's findings. They reason that, through correct macroeconomic policies, governments cannot only stem contractions once they begin, but can also extend expansions indefinitely. Recessions will only occur if government pursues the wrong policies or the economy is faced with external shocks: an energy crisis such as the 1973 oil embargo or an overseas financial collapse.

Sichel bases his conclusion on a narrow sample—only nine contractions and expansions from World War II to 1990—but in a subsequent study he demonstrated the same pattern in France, Great Britain and Germany. Yet do his findings mean, as Treasury officials have concluded, that expansions can be prolonged indefinitely? In theory, perhaps, but not in practice. Sichel demonstrates that internal dynamics no longer single-handedly determine when expansions and contractions take place, but he does not show that these factors have disappeared or can always be countered by government policy.

Take one cause of recession that Sichel adduces—the Federal Reserve tightening its monetary policy to reduce inflation. If the Fed responds to higher prices by raising interest rates, and if doing so causes a recession, then one can say that the Federal Reserve *caused* the recession, but Fed officials can argue plausibly that, if they hadn't acted, rising prices would have eventually caused a worse downturn on their own.

The optimistic conclusions drawn from Sichel's argument also overlook the obvious: it may be true that downturns are the result of accidents—shocks from abroad and policy mistakes and speculative busts at home—but accidents do, sooner or later, happen.

What are the consequences of government policy based on believing that the business cycle can be beaten? One positive effect is to counter the arguments of conservative and far-left economists that government can't effectively intervene in a market economy. Sichel's findings confirm that government intervention and regulation of credit and banking have saved Americans from the prolonged crashes that were common before World War II. Sichel's findings also argue for Treasury keeping a close watch over the Federal Reserve to ensure that it doesn't choke off the expansion out of ill-founded fears of inflation.

But the bold conclusions drawn from Sichel could also have less desirable effects. They could encourage policymakers to focus on preventing any immediate shocks to the economy, even if those shocks might be of long-term benefit. In 1972, President Richard Nixon and Federal Reserve head Arthur Burns stimulated a flagging economy that was suffering from inflation, postponing, but probably deepening, the recession that occurred two years later. In 1995, Rubin and the Treasury Department agreed to forestall the threat of a Japanese banking crisis—which might have precipitated a downturn in the United States—by allowing the value of the dollar to increase at the expense of the yen. That held off a potential jolt to the system, but also removed pressure on Japan to change its financial system and restrictive trade policies.

Optimistic conclusions about the business cycle can also nourish complacency about speculative excess. This obviously occurred during the 1920s (when prominent economist Irving Fisher argued that the U.S. had beaten the business cycle) and during the leveraged buyout and savings and loans craze of the 1980s. The failure to curb this kind of speculation weakened the economy and contributed to the strength of the subsequent recession. Today, as stock prices spiral upwards, the country is once again in a state of economic euphoria. Rubin, who remembers the crash of 1987, has yet to succumb, but if he and the administration also become giddy, the country could eventually suffer—that is, if, once again, the accident happens, and the inevitable downturn does recur. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Grover Norquist joins the club.

WHAT I SOLD AT THE REVOLUTION

By Tucker Carlson

It is a rainy spring afternoon in Washington, D.C., and Grover Norquist is recounting the time he restored democracy to the Seychelles. Norquist doesn't look like your stereotypical freedom fighter, and indeed the paunchy 40-year-old has a day job running a conservative nonprofit organization called Americans for Tax Reform out of an office building near Dupont Circle. But don't be fooled by the accountant-like appearance—as a freelance adviser to anticommunist resistance groups around the world, Norquist spent the 1980s traveling to war zones. To prove it, he has covered a wall of his office with pictures of himself cradling automatic weapons in the company of camouflage-clad guerrilla leaders. But anticommunist fieldwork began to peter out in the late '80s, and by the beginning of this decade there weren't many Marxist dictatorships left to topple. So, in 1992, Norquist went to the Seychelles, a tiny cluster of islands off the coast of East Africa.

Accompanying Norquist on his trip was Sir James Mancham, the deposed president of the country. Mancham had been booted out of the Seychelles in 1977, in a coup led by a local Marxist lawyer named France-Albert René. René quickly turned the islands into a repressive one-party state. Mancham spent the next fifteen years in exile in England, his plight all but unknown except to Africa specialists and those who ran into him at London cocktail parties. In the late 1980s, Norquist decided to turn Mancham—a legendary womanizer with a weakness for treacly poetry—into a cause on the right. If Sir James wasn't exactly Solzhenitsyn, well, says Norquist, "nobody else was doing the Seychelles."

The Free the Seychelles movement never really caught on in the States—most Americans probably don't know where the islands are—but Norquist did get the attention of *The Washington Times*. Over the course of 1992, the paper ran no fewer than three editorials blasting René as a ruthless dictator, while extolling Mancham as the hope of his country. Norquist says he got Mancham a couple of speaking gigs at the Heritage Foundation and introduced him to potentially sympathetic members of Congress. According to Norquist, Norquist's activities made him a marked man with the René government. When he arrived with Mancham in the Seychelles, he says, he found himself in a "very hot" situation. Mancham "had six bodyguards. I wore a vest. It was jumpy, edgy."

In the end, of course, Norquist made it out of the island paradise alive. Moreover, he says, he helped to force René to hold free elections in 1993. Within months, the Seychelles had what it declared was its first democratic government in a decade and a half. Norquist returned to Washington a hero—a largely unrecognized hero, perhaps, but a hero just the same, a real-life democracy builder. A dream had been realized: "I had spent five or six years to move René out of power," Norquist says proudly.

That's how Grover Norquist tells the story, anyway. There are a number of problems with this account, the biggest being that, four years later, Albert René, the Marxist dictator, still runs the Seychelles. René won the free elections of 1993, buying his way to a lopsided victory over Mancham (among other inducements, he offered free refrigerators) in an election that, despite his claims, Norquist had very little to do with bringing about. According to the most recent State Department human rights report, René continues "to wield power virtually unchecked."

The René government today is every bit as sleazy and menacing as it has ever been. A couple of years ago, the Seychelles began offering citizenship and "immunity from prosecution for all criminal proceedings whatsoever" to anyone with $10 million to invest. Under a new plan, Seychelles passports will go for $25,000 apiece, no questions asked. In June 1994, in perhaps its shadiest bid for cash, the government of the Seychelles sold weapons to a Rwandan army colonel named Theoneste Bagasora, and helped Bagasora transport the arms to Hutu militias in Zaire and Rwanda. The Hutu militias promptly used the weapons to kill Tutsis, and Bagasora wound up awaiting trial before an international tribunal on charges of "genocide and crimes against humanity."

No problem for President René. His public image had never been better, at least in the United States. Not even *The Washington Times* appears to have noticed his latest misdeeds. One possible reason is that René was smart enough to have hired a good publicist: in 1995, René put Grover Norquist on the government payroll at $10,000 a month.

TUCKER CARLSON is a staff writer for *The Weekly Standard*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is the part of the Seychelles story Norquist doesn't like to talk about, the part where the idealistic right-wing freedom fighter cashes in by becoming a flack for the left-wing strongman he once opposed. But there's no way around it, for Norquist is now a registered lobbyist for the Office of the President of the Republic of the Seychelles. It seems a remarkably cynical reversal, even by Washington standards, but Norquist does his best to put a principled face on the whole thing.

René is not the morally corrupt ruler of a socialist state, Norquist says now. Indeed, according to Norquist, he never was, despite what Norquist himself may once have rashly claimed. Instead, René is merely "a guy who preferred not to have elections for a number of years." As for René's credibly alleged record of murdering political opponents, that's no longer a big deal, either. "There were one or two people who people suspected were done in," Norquist says nonchalantly, "but it was always fairly murky."

In fact, about the only real problem in the Seychelles today, says Norquist, is that the U.S. government doesn't spend enough money there. Last year, Norquist, who has spent his political life working to reduce the size of government, lobbied to save the American Embassy in the Seychelles, as well as an Air Force-run satellite tracking station that was a major source of income for the René government. Both have since closed, and Norquist is now trying to convince congressional delegations to visit the country. He's also working to get the Navy to anchor some of its ships in the Seychelles' only port. "'Why don't you think about swinging by the Seychelles?'" Norquist says he asks congressmen who might have some juice at the Pentagon. "'It's closer than going by Australia or Bangkok. And there's no AIDS.'"

Pretty oily stuff. And pretty routine. When he talks about the Seychelles, Norquist sounds like any other cash-addled, morally malleable lobbyist in Washington. Except that Norquist is more than your garden-variety Washington lobbyist. He's one of the most influential conservative strategists in America—an intimate of Newt Gingrich, a small-government radical, the Ché of the Republican Revolution. How did he end up lobbying Congress to steer federal funds to a Third World leftist? Simple: Norquist's party came to power. Suddenly his ideology was marketable. After two decades of watching from the sidelines as Democrats worked the system for personal advantage, the outsider figured it was his turn.

Norquist is in the middle of a long interview in his office at Americans for Tax Reform when the phone rings. Norquist has been explaining ATR's latest plan to slash spending—"Our present managing thought is twenty-five years from now we want the federal government to be half its present size," he says—while simultaneously rooting through papers on his desk. He continues to do both as he brings the receiver to his ear. "Grover G. Norquist," he barks. The ensuing conversation lasts for less than a minute. Norquist hangs up without saying goodbye. "They want my help to fight against a spending program," he explains. "They used the acronym, so I don't have a clue what they're talking about. But they're going to fax me the information, and I'm against it. I agree with them."

Norquist has conversations like this throughout the day. The purpose, he says, is not simply to influence specific pieces of legislation, but to build and strengthen what he calls the Leave Us Alone Coalition, a nationwide alliance of conservative activists. The coalition is Norquist's version of the Bolshevik vanguard, and, like the early Soviets, Norquist envisions a day when this revolutionary cohort will lead the proletariat to rise up, crush the corrupt liberal ruling class and reorder society along radically new lines. As early as 1985, Norquist felt the stirrings of a revolt. "I think the revolution is happening," he told *The Washington Post* that year.

Norquist always knew he wanted to be a conservative ideologue. Growing up in Weston, Massachusetts, he learned fiscal conservatism from Republican parents who taught him early about the government's potential for evil. The lessons began, Norquist remembers, at the local Dairy Joy, where his family went for ice cream every Sunday after church: "Dad would take a bite of your ice cream cone and say, 'sales tax.' When he wanted a little more, he'd say, 'income tax,' 'estate tax.'" Norquist says he entered politics seriously at the age of 12, working for the 1968 Nixon campaign. After graduating from Harvard in 1978, he moved to Washington, a city whose government buildings in the "Neo-American fascism" style made him "physically ill," he once told *The Washington Post*. He took a job with the National Taxpayers Union and other conservative anti-tax groups in Washington, and then he founded Americans for Tax Reform in the summer of 1985, the year he felt the revolution beginning to happen.

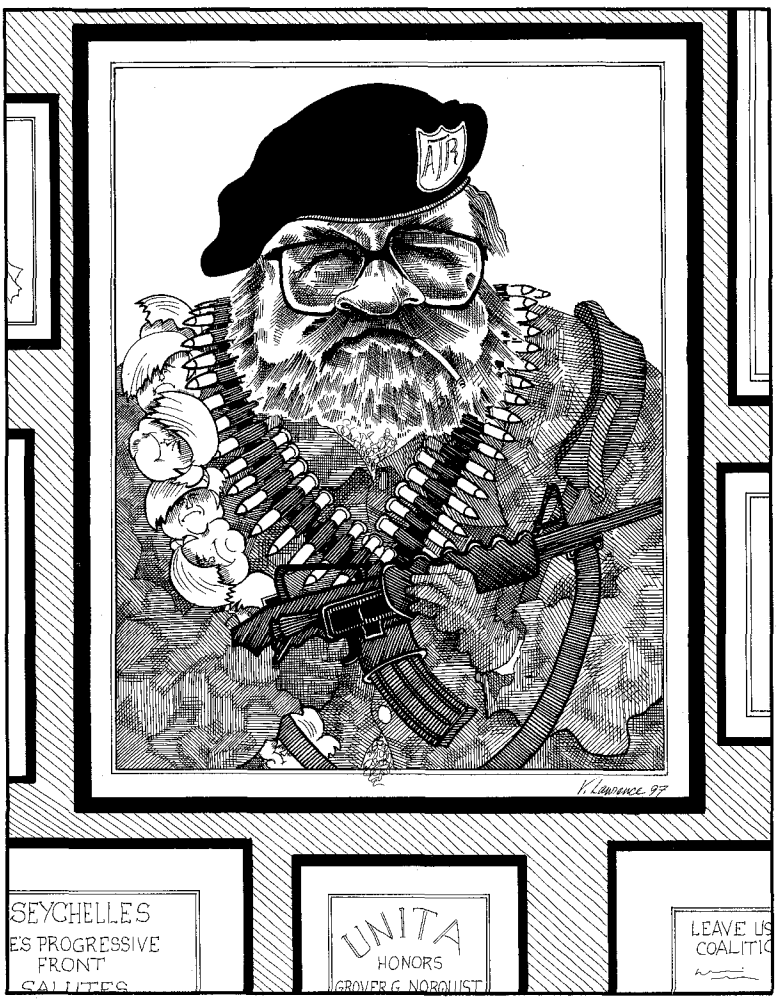
As it turned out, Norquist had to wait the better part of a decade for the Republicans to retake Congress. He spent the interim years in a constant state of readiness. Norquist assumed a revolutionary persona, eschewing bourgeois conventions like a wife and family, table manners, even personal relationships. When I asked Norquist which of his friends could tell me what he is like as a person, he suggested I speak to "anyone in leadership, House or Senate." No, I said, I mean the names of people with whom he talks about something other than Movement politics. "I don't have any friends like that," he replied. This is true, it seems. "There might be a couple of family members Norquist keeps in touch with in spite of ideology," says a former employee. Otherwise, "his relationships are exclusively based on philosophy." "Grover's a Leninist," says one longtime acquaintance.

Norquist's great philosophical relationship, forged during his years in the wilderness, is with another Leninist of the New Right, Newt Gingrich. Norquist says he sensed in their first meeting that Gingrich

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

possessed the revolutionary spirit. "It was pretty obvious to me that this was a guy who wanted to change this town," he says. Since then, the two have kept in close, usually weekly, contact—a fact that is instantly clear to anyone who picks up Norquist's résumé, which begins with a footnoted quote from Gingrich hailing Norquist as a man who has "truly changed American history."

Norquist identifies so strongly with Gingrich that at times he appears unable to distinguish between his own life and Gingrich's. A day after I first interviewed him for this article, Norquist sat down, uninvited, at my table during lunch at a Washington restaurant. His hands shaking with anger, he accused me of being the instrument of a conspiracy to "destroy the Speaker." How typical of the Speaker's enemies, he hissed at me, to "get a Movement conservative [me] to attack Movement conservatives [Norquist and Gingrich]." My questions about his relationship with the government of the Seychelles, he said, were "not helpful to the Movement."



GROVER NORQUIST BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

With the 1994 elections, Norquist's long relationship with Gingrich began to pay off. Before 1994, says a former ATR employee, "We sometimes had more interns than staff. During 1994 and 1995, it just exploded over there. It got big." Norquist suddenly had a valuable commodity to sell. His relationship with Gingrich had never been more widely known. "We have never met," says Nichol Gabriel, a diplomat in the Seychelles mission office in New York. "But I know that Mr. Norquist has access to people in Congress." Norquist was also better situated than perhaps any single person in America to influence the direction of grass-roots conservative activism, mostly due to his weekly Wednesday strategy meetings.

The meetings began in 1993, when a small group of conservatives gathered in Norquist's office to figure out how to kill the Clinton health care plan. The plan was duly killed, but the meetings continued. Today, the meetings draw a group of anywhere from fifty to eighty people—think tank analysts, members of Congress, sympathetic journalists and Hill staffers—who gather every Wednesday morning at 10:30 to talk about how to advance the Movement. The meetings are worth going to, says someone who attends, "if you want to know what *The Washington Times* and *National Review* will be writing about next week."

Norquist's meetings were influential partly because he himself was considered above ideological reproach, a man wholly and single-mindedly devoted to the Movement. But as Norquist's power increased after the 1994 elections, and as he began taking on more commercial clients, the leaders of conservatism's disparate factions began to express some surprise at the topics and positions Norquist chose for weekly discussion. At a Wednesday meeting early in 1996, for instance, Norquist announced that the Communications Decency Act—the bill to regulate online pornography—violated the core principles of the Movement. Good conservatives, he implied, should fight against it. This news came as a surprise to the Christian conservatives present, most of whom had supported the act. An argument ensued. The Christians were apoplectic.

The dispute might have ended there, a minor if contentious spat between conservatism's libertarian and traditionalist wings. Soon thereafter, however, *The Wall Street Journal* reported that Norquist had signed on as a $10,000-a-month lobbyist for the Microsoft Corporation, one of the leading opponents of the Communications Decency Act. To some Wednesday morning regulars, the revelation explained Norquist's sudden deep interest in protecting cyber T&A. "I was wondering about that," says one disillusioned think tank employee. "I mean, here the Republican leadership on the Hill is disintegrating, and we're talking about the Internet." Norquist strongly denies that his Microsoft deal influences his position.

Another frequent Wednesday morning agenda item was Angola. In August of 1996, Norquist became a registered agent for Jonas Savimbi's National Union for the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Total Independence of Angola (UNITA) and paid a salary of $5,000 a month to "raise the visibility" of the country. Throughout the 1980s, Savimbi, a onetime Maoist, was considered a hero in conservative circles, admired as much for his articulate defense of democratic principles as for his resistance to the Soviet-backed Angolan government. In the summer of 1989, however, an article appeared in *National Review* that made many on the right rethink their support. Written by a refugee from communist Poland named Radek Sikorski, the piece contended that Savimbi was not a democrat at all, but a malevolent tyrant who had constructed a brutal cult of personality in the Angolan jungle. Many conservatives have come around to Sikorski's position in the years since. Whether or not they are right, flacking for Jonas Savimbi is hardly the way you would expect a single-minded Movement builder to be spending his time.

This kind of freelance work is not supposed to interfere with Norquist's day job—leading ATR as it labors to reduce the size of government. But the line between Norquist's role as a lobbyist and his job as the head of ATR has never been clear, and at times it has become virtually invisible. Press releases about Norquist's work for Angola and the Seychelles have on several occasions advised interested parties to call ATR's phone number for more information.

Ordinarily, details like these might not amount to much—it is relatively rare for a 501c(4) organization to have its nonprofit status revoked—but ATR is now under scrutiny from the Senate committee investigating campaign finance violations. In the final days before the 1996 election, the Republican National Committee gave Norquist's organization about $4.6 million to "educate" the public about the Republican position on Medicare reform. In the space of a few weeks, Norquist says, ATR had used the money to call 4 million voters and send 17 million pieces of mail. The campaign seems an obvious example of the kind of political money laundering that both parties exploited in 1996, a way of pumping soft money into the system. "We did it to neutralize the AFL-CIO ads," Norquist says bluntly.

The RNC contribution caught the attention of Democrats on the Senate committee, and earlier this year ATR was subpoenaed. Norquist says he considers the investigation into ATR simply another example of the left-wing cover up of Bill Clinton's fund-raising scandals. The media, he says, do it all the time. "You look at *The Washington Post* and there have been all of these huge pictures of floods in North Dakota. Floods in North Dakota?" He chuckles bitterly. "Clinton's troubles are off the pages. There have been lots of floods in the world, but they didn't get that much coverage." Norquist says he isn't afraid to testify. On the contrary, he looks forward to "talking to John Glenn about being a member of the Keating Five, and Carl Levin about taking money from mob unions."

Actually, it's not Democratic senators who should be taking a close look at Norquist, but Norquist's own foreign clients. Norquist began working for the Seychelles in August of 1995. Around the same time, he hired Scott Hoffman, an ATR staffer, to assist with lobbying on a contract basis. (Hoffman has since moved to the Merritt Group, a lobbying firm Norquist recently set up.) Norquist paid Hoffman $1,000 a month for his work, keeping the other $9,000 for himself. Hoffman, who had just turned 21, didn't have any great experience in lobbying Congress on Africa policy. In fact, Norquist admits, "I don't know what his background is," other than that he had "worked on computers" around the office.

Nevertheless, Hoffman was soon doing virtually all of Norquist's foreign lobbying work. In 1996, for example, Norquist did not personally lobby a single elected official on behalf of foreign clients during the months of January, March, May, June, July or October. Once he took over Savimbi's account in August, little changed. Norquist never even bothered to set up separate meetings to discuss Angola, and instead routinely brought up both UNITA and the Seychelles whenever he went to meetings on the Hill. Not that there were many meetings. During the whole of 1996, he made contact with elected officials or their staffs—usually over the telephone—a total of only twelve times, making Norquist's net profit per lobbying session more than $12,000.

What did UNITA and the Seychelles get for their money? Not, apparently, a lot. According to statements Norquist filed with the Justice Department, he or Scott Hoffman contacted Kevin Fitzpatrick, legislative director for Representative Steve Chabot of Ohio, four times between December of 1996 and early February of this year. None of it made much of an impression on Fitzpatrick. "Let me think back to what the Seychelles issue is," he says. "I'm trying to think. I'll have to look at my files. I vaguely remember something, but we haven't done anything about it." Another Hill staffer, described in Justice Department filings as having made contact with Norquist or Hoffman three times in a single week this fall, seems even more baffled when asked what he has learned from being lobbied. "I don't know squat about the Seychelles," he says, "except I've always wanted to go there."

Even by the low standards of Washington lobbying, Norquist's work for his clients seems shoddy. And it also contradicts what is supposed to be Norquist's abiding passion: transforming the culture of Washington. So why does he do it? Probably not for the money. Norquist no longer takes a salary from ATR. He has lived with roommates in the same shabby rented house for years. His clothing is inexpensive, almost self-consciously unstylish. Despite his high income, and the stingy deal he has worked out with Scott Hoffman, Norquist seems uninterested in wealth. Ask him about his relationship with Microsoft, however, and he suddenly becomes animated. "You've got a Fortune 500

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLIC POLICY BULLETIN BOARD®

Recent Books and Reports from the Nation's Think Tanks and Advocacy Groups

INSTITUTE FOR POLICY RESEARCH, NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

The second issue of IPR's new electronic journal, ***NU Policy Research***, is now accessible on the web (http://www.library.nwu.edu/publications/nupr). Among its features: Economist Rebecca Blank assesses the 1996 welfare reform legislation. Based on her research with Christopher Jencks, sociologist Susan Mayer questions whether the United States really lost the war on poverty. Two IPR scholars examine why employers don't trust high school grades and other information that could help them find good employees. And, an IPR sociologist looks at the causes of a huge decline in East German fertility rates following the fall of the Berlin Wall.

IPR, formerly the Center for Urban Affairs and Policy Research, specializes in social science research on a broad range of policy issues, among them poverty, race and inequality, family studies, community development, criminal justice, communications, the nonprofit sector, and feminism. It is the Evanston home of the new Northwestern University/University of Chicago Joint Center for Poverty Research.

For more information about IPR research and publications, contact IPR, Northwestern University, 2040 Sheridan Road, Evanston, IL 60208-4100 (847-491-8712). See our web site at http://www.nwu.edu/IPR.

AMERICAN COUNCIL ON SCIENCE AND HEALTH

Cigarettes: What The Warning Label Doesn't Tell You—The First Comprehensive Guide to the Health Effects of Smoking. If you think "everyone knows the dangers of smoking," think again. A must read for anyone who still smokes, anyone who loves a smoker, or anyone involved in the current debate over tobacco control. "Authoritative and chilling"—C. Everett Koop.

To order call 212-362-7044 (186 pp., $19.95 plus shipping) or visit us at http://www.acsh.org.

THE DRUG POLICY FOUNDATION

Drug abuse is bad.
The drug war is **worse.**

Since 1986, the Drug Policy Foundation has publicized rational alternatives to the failed war on drugs. If you are interested in better drug policies rather than more of the same, visit DPF's new Web site at **www.dpf.org** or call (800) 388-3784 for a free membership kit.

Call for papers deadline: **June 30**. Call (202) 537-5005 for details about ***DPF's 11th International Conference*** this October in New Orleans.

REDEFINING PROGRESS

RP's first major policy report, entitled ***Tax Waste, Not Work***, is a comprehensive discussion of resource-based tax shifting, an idea which is gaining prominence around the world. It asks the basic question: Why not *reduce* taxes on good things like work and investment and *increase* taxes on bad things like pollution, waste, and inefficiency? This type of revenue-neutral tax reform holds the potential to improve the economy and the environment simultaneously. With an introduction by M.I.T. economist Paul Krugman.

To order call (800) 896-2100 (140 pp., $10 plus s&h).

ACCURACY IN MEDIA

ABC's Food Lion Lies, A Study in TV Deception is now available from Accuracy in Media. Written by Associate Editor Joseph Goulden, this report outlines how ABC nearly destroyed Food Lion on *Prime Time Live*. ($5 postpaid).

For a free sample of our newsletter, The AIM Report, send a #10 SASE with 55¢ in postage to Accuracy in Media, 4455 Connecticut Avenue, NW, Suite 330, Washington, DC 20008, (202) 364-4401, Fax (202) 364-4583, http://www.aim.org/aim.html

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

company that takes your advice seriously?" Norquist says, his voice rising, like he still can't believe it. "I want 100 more of them."

What Grover Norquist really wants, it seems, is to be regarded as powerful by his peers in Washington. He has just about achieved it, but there have been some necessary adjustments in attitude along the way.

Since he first arrived in Washington, Norquist has warned conservatives against collaborating with the city's occupying forces of liberalism. "Those of us who are part of the revolution," he explained to *The Washington Post* early last year, "didn't come into politics and Washington to join the present establishment or influence that establishment. We didn't come to get invitations to their dinner parties or their receptions. We don't need permission, seek approval or hang out with the people who built the welfare state." Even now, he says, "It is always a danger that you have to be concerned with because this town is very seductive, and power still resides with the more liberal establishment."

Norquist still mouths the words, but it's mostly out of habit. Last month, he held a book party for Elizabeth Drew at his house. Drew, of course, is the former *New Yorker* reporter, the quintessential sensible liberal, the very embodiment of the progressive, Eastern establishment press. Drew is the woman who, in 1984, described supporters of Ronald Reagan as a "nativist movement" that fears "America is losing its white, English-speaking identity."

Just the other night, this very same Elizabeth Drew wandered happily through a crowd of well-behaved admirers at Grover Norquist's house. In the corner, a salesman from a local bookstore sat with a credit card machine selling copies of Drew's new book about Congress, *Whatever It Takes*. By the end of the night, he said, he expected to sell all 100 copies. •

The age of Bush revivalism begins.

PEDDLING POPPY

By Stephen Glass

One point from which to begin thinking about the slightly strange and rather poignant thing that is going on with George Bush is the last time the 41st president made it big in the news, which was one of the few times he has made it in the news at all since he left office. On the morning of March 25, the 72-year-old Bush jumped from an airplane and floated 12,500 feet to the Arizona desert. The CBS Morning News, granted the only post-jump Bush interview, devoted a special Sunday segment to the event. Photos of the grinning Bush made the front page of newspapers across the country. Bush's leap was not just heavily covered; it was covered in a particular way, in that very special tone of sanctimonious and patronizing goodwill that reporters reserve for those who have surpassed society's low expectations of them by accomplishing what would, for most people, be regarded as modest achievements. The tone of *U.S. News and World Report*'s coverage was typical. "For now, though, imagine Bush the instant he pulled the cord and held his breath," the journal of civic journalism gushed, civilly. "...George Bush finally found his 'vision thing.' You can rise pretty far just by falling."

And "just by falling" is a pretty fair description, as *Jump Now*, a small skydiving industry newsletter, reported. *Jump Now* printed a table describing Bush's jump that, unlike the photographs in the mainstream press, portrayed the truth of the leap: it wasn't much of a deal. For most of the jump, Bush was attached to two expert Army skydivers. Six more professionals were nearby in the air, ready to assist in case of any problems. There was virtually no risk that Bush's parachute wouldn't open since the Army jumpers were authorized to pull the cord at precisely the right moment. Any mid-air balance troubles would also be corrected by these experts. And the most common failure faced by novice jumpers—a change of heart while in the plane—was impossible, since the Army jumpers were also authorized to drag the former president out of the plane with them. Bush's jump wasn't even uncommon for his age group. As *Jump Now* noted, assisted jumps are now a "relatively regular occurrence" for senior citizens. Entire retirement communities have gone in for septuagenarian jumping.

"Everyone got a big laugh out of this one," says Ken Zuckman, a North Carolina skydiver. "There is much, much more risk in Bush walking across a slightly slippery bathroom floor than doing this jump. I'd let a 6-year-old do that one. Make that a mature 5-year-old." A United States Parachute Association (USPA) spokesman confirmed that the jump was assisted, and a former USPA official admitted that it was "about as danger-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ous as a merry-go-round," but said it was "great p.r. for Bush and skydiving."

What was the point of this elaborate and slightly embarrassing piece of media theater? Bush, who has always had an unfortunate habit of telling the press the manipulative reasons behind his staged appearances ("Message: I care"), said over and over again after his jump that he had done this in order to fulfill a pledge he had made as a young Navy pilot to one day make a second jump. (His first, during World War II, was traumatic. He hit the plane, and his chute ripped.) Message: I keep my promises. And the media got the message. Nearly all of the mainstream press reports played up Bush's remarks that the jump "made good" on his youthful vow to skydive again. Why is this message important to Bush? According to several people close to Bush, it is important because the former president is still haunted by the fact that, in 1990, he broke his "read my lips" promise to the American voters not to raise their taxes, a betrayal that helped cost him a second term. Bush, his associates say, is not unhappy he raised taxes but that he broke a promise. "Bush desperately doesn't want to be remembered as a liar," says one staffer who talks to Bush regularly. "He knows we're all trying to resurrect him, and he doesn't really care about anything but not being seen as a liar."

GEORGE BUSH BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

So, properly understood, this is what happened on March 25: a 72-year-old former president subjected himself to a colossal media stunt, and also to the discomfort of falling through 12,500 feet of air, *because he is trying to make people forget a federal budget deal of seven years ago.*

Another good place at which to contemplate what is going on with Bush is the First Church of George Herbert Walker Christ, which is a circuit church run by a handful of evangelicals who hold that Bush is the reincarnation of Christ. The First Church of George Herbert Walker Christ came into being during the Gulf war, when its founders began preaching that the conflict was Armageddon, with Saddam Hussein playing Satan to Bush's Christ.

Incongruously, the First Church of George Herbert Walker Christ is quite poor. It has no particular home, and church members wander from city to city holding services in public parks and civic halls and handing out leaflets on street corners. Inside the leaflets is a complicated genealogical web that purports to show that Bush is descended directly from the Messiah. The web is written in minuscule print with dozens of winding lines extending like varicose veins from circles within circles. The circles represent secret love children. Like many fringe religions, the First Church of George Herbert Walker Christ is extremely regimented. Members adhere to strict dietary laws similar to Jewish kosher rules, but include other Bush-specific prohibitions, including one against broccoli. Bush's fondness for pork rinds sparked an agonizing theological debate until the church decided that the Great One must have misinterpreted doctrine.

Attendance at the church's services peaked during the war period. But, as Bush's popularity then declined, the church's popularity also waned. According to the First Church's head priest, Tom Ratold, the average weekly attendance fell to about twenty people at its low two years ago. But, since then, attendance has been slowly climbing, and now Ratold says the average service draws almost 100 people; there were between thirty and forty present at the service I attended. Ratold says that, in his opinion, more and more people are beginning to see the parallels between the Bible prophecies and the Bush presidency. "I see it every time we hold an open service and discuss how Saddam resembles the devil in looks and acts," Ratold says. "People are beginning to fall in love with George. They are beginning to understand his power."

A third appropriate vantage point from which to consider the Bush phenomenon may be found in Alexandria, Virginia, at the Committee for the Former President's Integrity (CFFPI), a small, very easily irritated

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

group run by a Republican activist named Mary Ung. CFFPI is dedicated to burnishing Bush's place in history. Every Bush birthday brings a party, complete with cake, on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial, and every Election Day, a funeral ceremony outside the White House. And, Ung says, every few months the group holds readings of the works of George Bush: in local coffee shops, CFFPI members read out loud the text of legislation that Bush supported. The group's other main tactic is to attack and denounce people who criticize and mock Bush, especially journalists. Ung, a graying woman who routinely wears a heavily starched man's button-down shirt and an Adam Smith tie, begins to sweat when she talks about the media's coverage of Bush. She calls *The Washington Post* "the rag of blasphemy."

Ung won't say who funds the group or sits on its board of directors. The bottom of her email vaguely says "formed by officials of the 41st President's White House." CFFPI's only published address is a post office box. According to one member, CFFPI's meetings tend toward a certain sameness: a small group of people spending a few hours talking about ways to change how the media portray Bush, many downing stiff drinks.

Unlikely as it may seem, the age of Bush revivalism has begun; a movement is afoot. It is an odd movement, in part grass-roots, in part orchestrated, in part crackpot and in part absolutely serious. The orchestrated, serious part of it is being managed by Barbara Bush and the president's former top advisers—informally led by Bush's former chief of staff, John Sununu—and it seeks to establish Bush's place in history as a first-tier, or at least very high second-tier, president. Several top Bush advisers say they are infuriated by the books that have already been published and are planning their own chronicles. Among the best known authors-to-be are Sununu and Bush's national security adviser, Brent Scowcroft. Sununu says he promised Bush he would not write a book, but, because of the "misperception" of the Bush years, he recently received the ex-president's approval. And Scowcroft's book, coauthored with Bush, has already been advertised in Knopf's catalog, although friends say barely any of it is written. "Bush has a severe case of writer's block," an ex-adviser says. "So they just spend a lot of time being frustrated with each other."

It is not merely for the history books that Mrs. Bush and her husband's former advisers wish to revise the consensus on the 41st president. For the advisers, there is also a much more practical concern. The way Washington is supposed to work for senior administration officials is a straightforward proposition. The officials put in a modest amount of time—three or four years is ample—working very hard in the White House. Then, they quit, move several blocks away and open offices. They are promptly showered with money from corporations looking for federal waivers to pave over environmentally sensitive wetlands and from foreign dictators looking for federal waivers to pave over environmentally sensitive dissidents. Or, they establish themselves on the speech circuit, entertaining proctologists and podiatrists with accounts of insider Washington at $15,000 a pop. They while away their free moments approving staff-written *pensées* to be shipped off to *The New York Times* op-ed page and responding to requests for learned commentary from "All Things Considered." They are ensconced on blue-chip corporate boards and made "Of Counsel" at white-glove law firms. They never work that hard again, and they are rich until the end of their days. The exemplars of the former senior administration official model are Clark Clifford and David Gergen.

Some White Houses are better at this sort of thing than others. The Clinton White House is so adept at self-promotion that several Clinton advisers—James Carville most notably—managed to ascend to successful former senior official status without bothering to first become an official senior official. But even a seriously inept White House—the second Reagan White House, for example—can launch post-senior aide careers for its top people. In recent memory, only one White House failed utterly to place its senior aides. That was the White House of Jimmy Carter, the last one-term president. In part, this was because Carter's people weren't as well connected to the money interests, and in part because the Carterites were widely regarded as incompetent. But the main reason was the deep unpopularity of the Carter presidency. At any rate, when Jimmy Carter left Washington in 1981, the unthinkable happened: most of his aides had to leave, too. They didn't get speech offers. They didn't get NPR gigs. They didn't get rich on K Street. The Bush aides are keenly aware of the Carterites' fate. "Let me tell you, no one wants to be remembered like the Carter years," says Bush's former communications director David Demarest.

Barbara Bush has a similarly compelling need to rewrite history. It isn't just her husband's reputation that is on the line; it is her son's future. Texas Governor George W. Bush—who has told friends he plans to run for president in 2000—is, Bush advisers say, convinced that he has no chance of winning the GOP nomination if his father isn't remembered more favorably. Naturally, Barbara Bush is determined that her husband will do what he must to refurbish the family name. "George Bush has become somewhat ornery these days," a family adviser says. "He's happy to not have to deal with the press anymore. But we need him to get some camera time every once in a while, so we deal with Barbara."

And here, as Ross Perot would say, is the beauty part: the remaking of George is working. According to the most recent Gallup poll, Bush has become the most popular modern president after Kennedy—up from the next-to-last position toward the end of his term. Other polls show Bush's "positives" are almost back to the high levels they hit at the close of the Gulf war. There are Bush fan clubs in at least forty states—more than double the number for any other president. The market value of a mint-condition George Bush for President campaign button has risen thirty-two-fold in the past fourteen months. And, recently, a New York advertising

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

consultant determined that a Bush product endorsement would carry more weight with consumers than almost any other celebrity. He is "unlike any other politician," cooed Steve Lyons of Lyons & Associates.

Mary Ung called me in early April when she heard I was working on this story. In a forty-five-minute phone conversation, Ung repeatedly warned me not to believe what I had heard about Bush. She said that he was the most articulate and accomplished president of the twentieth century. The Bush presidency, she said flatly, was "embarrassment-free." When I asked her about the time Bush vomited on the Japanese prime minister, Ung groaned twice, and then said the incident was "an outstanding opportunity for Barbara Bush to take over and shine and show grace. Opportunities like that are never embarrassments." Ung urged me to attend an upcoming academic conference on the Bush presidency. There, she said, I would learn the "true meaning of Bush's greatness."

Every few years, Hofstra University hosts a three-day conference on the modern American presidency. The series of conferences has earned a reputation for high and rigorous standards; scholars' papers are critiqued by former top White House staffers as well as by fellow academics. Because so many foreign and domestic media outlets cover the conference, many of the academy's stars are drawn to this otherwise out-of-the-loop Long Island campus. In terms of the Bush legacy, the importance of this conference would be hard to overstate. It was to be the first time nearly all of the top White House staffers were reassembled. The soon-to-be-published book based on the conference's papers will be the first major study of Bush's presidency. If Bush's reputation is to be successfully made over, the Hofstra seminar was the place where the heavy remaking would begin.

Because everyone involved knows that what is said and agreed upon at Hofstra has the power to influence the first wave of history books, the conference has in the past been the scene of heated debate. At the Reagan conference a few years ago, bitter arguments spilled out of the conference rooms and into the halls. At one point, two scholars fighting over Reagan's support for aid to the Nicaraguan contras got into a shoving match in the cafeteria, knocking over trays of food.

The Bush renovators took no chances at such unseemly disputes. Led by Sununu, the president's former aides overwhelmed the event, which took on a tone more like that of a Beverly Hills eulogy than an academic gathering. The salient point about Bush, one would rise to say, was that he was the smartest and most strategic president of all time. No, another would opine, the important thing was that he was "excessively loyal and kind." Even Bush's loss in 1992 was presented as evidence of his superiority. "Just because he wasn't re-elected doesn't mean he wasn't really loved," Sununu explained. "After winning the war, Churchill wasn't re-elected either. Bush accomplished more than anyone, anyone. Not being re-elected sometimes means you're the best."

On the few occasions when scholars presented critical papers, one of the ever-vigilant Bushies—Sununu, Scowcroft, Office of Management and Budget Director Richard Darman, White House Counsel C. Boyden Gray or policy adviser Roger Porter—would rise to attack the speaker. During a seminar on judicial appointments, John Massaro, a political scientist at SUNY-Potsdam, politely ventured the not entirely unconventional thesis that, when Bush nominated Clarence Thomas to the Supreme Court, he "appeared to be capitalizing on the race issue in a manner ill-befitting a national leader." Sununu leaped up from the audience and headed for the microphone. "His judicial record is as good as that of any nominee to the Supreme Court in recent years," Sununu barked. By the end of the second day, four professors said they planned to write a joint letter of complaint to Hofstra. "We're not touchy-feely types," griped one professor. "But Sununu and a few of the other politicos have to learn that they can refute points with evidence, not trying to make us look like sissies."

Ung, of course, attended the conference. Cellular phone in hand, she'd walk up to anyone with a camera or reporter's notebook and beg them to interview her "ready sources." She handed out packets that contained four "pre-written stories, for your convenience." Each little inverted pyramid outlined a Bush triumph in one policy area or another.

At one point, I came across Ung attempting to induce coverage of a sad little tableau that she had composed to represent the Americans With Disabilities Act: five children (one white, two Asian, two black) in wheelchairs holding little American flags and wearing Bush buttons. After almost forty minutes of fruitless flackery, Ung managed to convince a Russian camera crew to shoot their report with her scene. When she brought them back, she found that the white child had departed and, inexplicably, left his wheelchair behind. "Oh, my God," Ung yelled. "I need a white person." Pointing to me, Ung demanded I get into the wheelchair and hold the American flag. When I declined, Ung turned to the Russians for help. The final composition must have been something of a puzzlement to the folks back in Moscow: four little American children in wheelchairs, and one very overweight, very Russian, ruddy-faced, fiftyish sound engineer, dutifully waving his tiny American flag.

One thing I learned at Hofstra was that Bush needn't have bothered to jump out of that airplane. Most political observers have long agreed that the 1990 budget deal was a watershed moment in the Bush presidency. Bush won the presidency by promising not to raise taxes, but then, in 1990, he acceded to a congressional Democratic demand for a tax increase as the price of a budget deal. Many GOP and Democratic pollsters have confirmed that this broken promise played a decisive role in costing Bush re-election in 1992.

Nope. To hear the Bush rehabbers tell it, breaking the pledge was not only the right policy to reduce the deficit (certainly a defensible position), it was politically

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wise (somewhat less defensible). Darman, still reviled by many conservatives for his part in the deal, argued that raising taxes actually *attracted* votes. "People appreciate honesty," explained Darman. "This is the box we were painted into. I think in the end it really helped us. We were seen to be honest, and we got important concessions."

Another thing I learned at Hofstra was that Barbara Bush was a copresident. I learned this from McGill University professor Gil Troy, who insisted, in his no doubt seminal paper, "Half Eleanor-Half Bess: Barbara Bush as Copresident," that Barbara Bush was as much in charge of the country's policy as her husband. When reminded that Mrs. Bush's non-copresidency stature was a major GOP campaign theme in the 1992 race against the "buy one get one free" team of Bill and Hillary Clinton, Troy said airily, "that's a common misperception, she affected quite a bit of the policy." The Bushies didn't much care for Troy's thesis. Susan Porter Rose, Barbara Bush's longtime chief of staff, rolled her eyes when asked about Troy's paper. "It's just simply wrong," Rose says. "I think it's pretty clear that Barbara Bush wasn't and didn't want to be copresident."

There was a lot more I learned, much of it courtesy of Mary Ung, who pointed me to dozens of other parts of the Hofstra conference that she felt highlighted lesser-known areas of the Bush legacy. A paper by two University of Oklahoma professors asserted that Bush ran a relatively clean campaign in his 1988 race against Michael Dukakis, calculating that the Bush campaign's percentage of negative ads was the same as past candidates and actually lower than the Dukakis campaign's. Another paper, this one by two University of Maryland medical professors, asserted that Bush was more "engaging" and better at "expressions of feelings" than Clinton. The professors analyzed excerpts of their speech for use of "adverbial intensifiers" and "retractors." According to their paper, scientific analysis shows Bush's big obstacle was that he used too many "passionate disclaimers." And I thought he just couldn't talk right.

The best thing I learned was that George Bush was a great wit. Sympathetic scholars and Barbara Bush assured me that the former president was a very funny man. There was an entire forum devoted to professor Jan J. Younger's paper, "Presidential Humor: The Remakings and Remarkings of President George Bush." Younger offered a number of examples. One was a "rare" videotape excerpt of the president at a press briefing telling a joke about a chicken. A three-legged chicken is running alongside a fast-moving car and then darts into a farm. The car's driver, curious about the three-legged chicken, follows it. When he talks to the farm's owners, they say they can't answer his questions because they can't catch it. That's it. That's the whole joke. Bush told this story as if he were trying to speak a foreign language by sounding out the words phonetically.

The worst thing about the conference was that it was absolutely impossible to get out of earshot of John Sununu's voice. The man was everywhere, talking. I attended an evening session on "The Inner Dynamics of the Bush White House," with Sununu, Darman, Porter and Scowcroft. Sununu, who spoke first, ate up much more time than his counterparts. Most of that time he spent listing the dozens of accomplishments of the Bush presidency, frequently waving off applause so that he would not be delayed. Then Sununu launched into a monologue about how the White House worked. And he talked and he talked and he talked. All the while he kept saying it was the most deliberative White House ever, and praised the administration's open-door policy. After almost thirty minutes of uninterrupted Sununu, Scowcroft jotted a note on a piece of yellow legal paper and passed it to Porter and then Darman. Both began laughing out loud. After the session, I found the note on the stage. It read: "So far this session is going just the way our White House sessions went."

The sense of longing to be in again, to be rescued from the fate of the Carterites, was everywhere at Hofstra. Over coffee in the cafeteria, a senior Bush official candidly joked that he and his former colleagues suffer from "no-more-spotlight syndrome." "It used to be that just going out to a restaurant would make the gossip pages," he said. "Now we can't get a reservation."

It's just before dinner time, and the lobby of the Long Island Marriott hotel is mostly empty. Nearly everyone is in the hotel's restaurant or back at Hofstra's campus. Sununu has decided to skip one of the evening events and return to the hotel. As he steps through the revolving door and into the lobby, Sununu gives a triumphant thumbs-up like presidents sometimes do when they deplane from Air Force One. Except this gesture isn't directed to cameras or a military band. In fact, the lobby is nearly empty, apart from a very old man sitting on a couch, holding a tattered copy of *Architectural Digest*. The man has fallen asleep and is snoring loudly. Sununu swivels clockwise on his right foot toward the front desk. "Good work, men," he tells the lone bellboy as he walks past him. A few steps later, he gives a swift nod to the concierge and walks on. As he walks, he beams. He says to himself out loud: "They love me." He passes another hotel guest and gives him the thumbs-up, too.

After he is gone, I ask the bellboy and concierge if they know who the parading man was. "Um.... You say he's someone famous," the bellboy thinks out loud. "Hmmm.... That's right. That's right, famous. Oh, of course. He's.... Wait. I'll place him in a second.... Oh, yeah. He's the guy on the Blackhawks. That's it." The hotel is often filled with hockey players since it's just down the street from the Islanders' stadium.

"No, no, no," says the concierge with an exaggerated eye-roll. "He's a coach for the Penguins. I saw him on ESPN." Three other hotel employees join in the guessing game. It is the considered opinion of two that the thumbs-up guy was Wolf Blitzer. Finally, I tell the group the truth. That, I say, was none other than John Sununu. The bellboy finally asks: "Who's Su-mu-mu?" •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pfizer
Perspectives

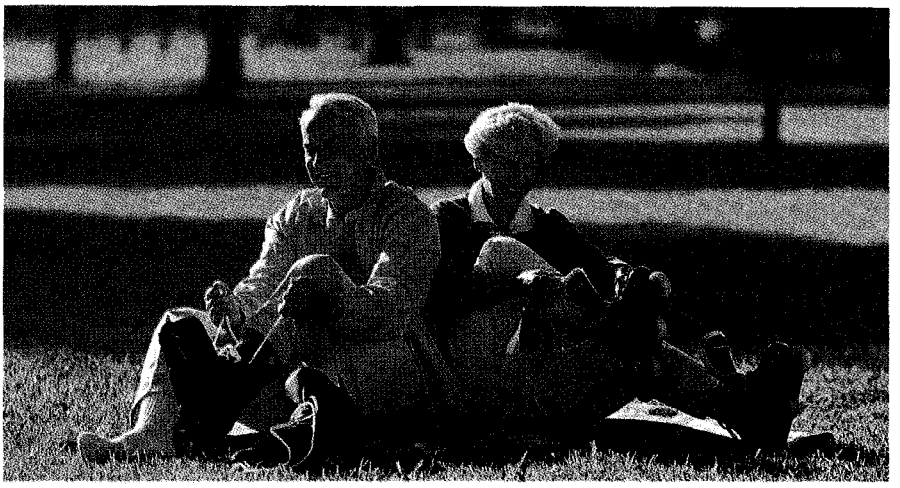
FORGET ABOUT

AN OLD AGE

SPENT SITTING ON

THE SIDELINES.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Never before has the saying "You're only as old as you feel" rung so true.

Remember when only children wore denim, middle age began at 30, 50 was "old," grandmothers wore black, and grandfathers "puttered"?

Life isn't like that anymore.

Changes in wardrobe no longer serve as mileposts on the road from childhood to maturity. Thirty generally marks the beginning of real adulthood. Fifty is middle age. Grandmothers wear whatever they feel like—often to the office—and grandfathers run corporations and marathons.

Never before has the saying "You're only as old as you feel" rung so true. For while it may be a chronological stretch to define middle age as the 50s and 60s, it's certainly an accurate definition in terms of how people feel about themselves and their lives.

And with an aging generation of Baby Boomers bidding the 50-year mark good-bye, soon more people than ever before will be in a position to experience not just middle age, but old age. Because by the year 2050, there may be as many as 30 million Americans above the age of 84, compared to 3.3 million now.

For an aging population, medical developments that would allow people to mature with greater vitality and fewer medical costs will be more important than ever.

At Pfizer, a leading global health-care company, an important portion of the medical research under way focuses on developing drugs that would help manage conditions traditionally considered to be an inevitable part of aging. Frailty, loss of mental acuity and sexual function, and heart disease are at the top of the list.

Osteoporosis is a major area of study. Commonly misperceived as a

For an aging population, medical developments that would allow people to mature with greater vitality and fewer medical costs will be more important than ever.

Prehistory	A.D. 170	1784	1789	1893	1900	1901
Life expectancy is 18 years.	The pulse is first used as a diagnostic aid.	Benjamin Franklin invents bifocals.	Life expectancy is 35.5 years.	Open heart surgery first performed.	Life expectancy is 45 years.	First electric hearing aid invented.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

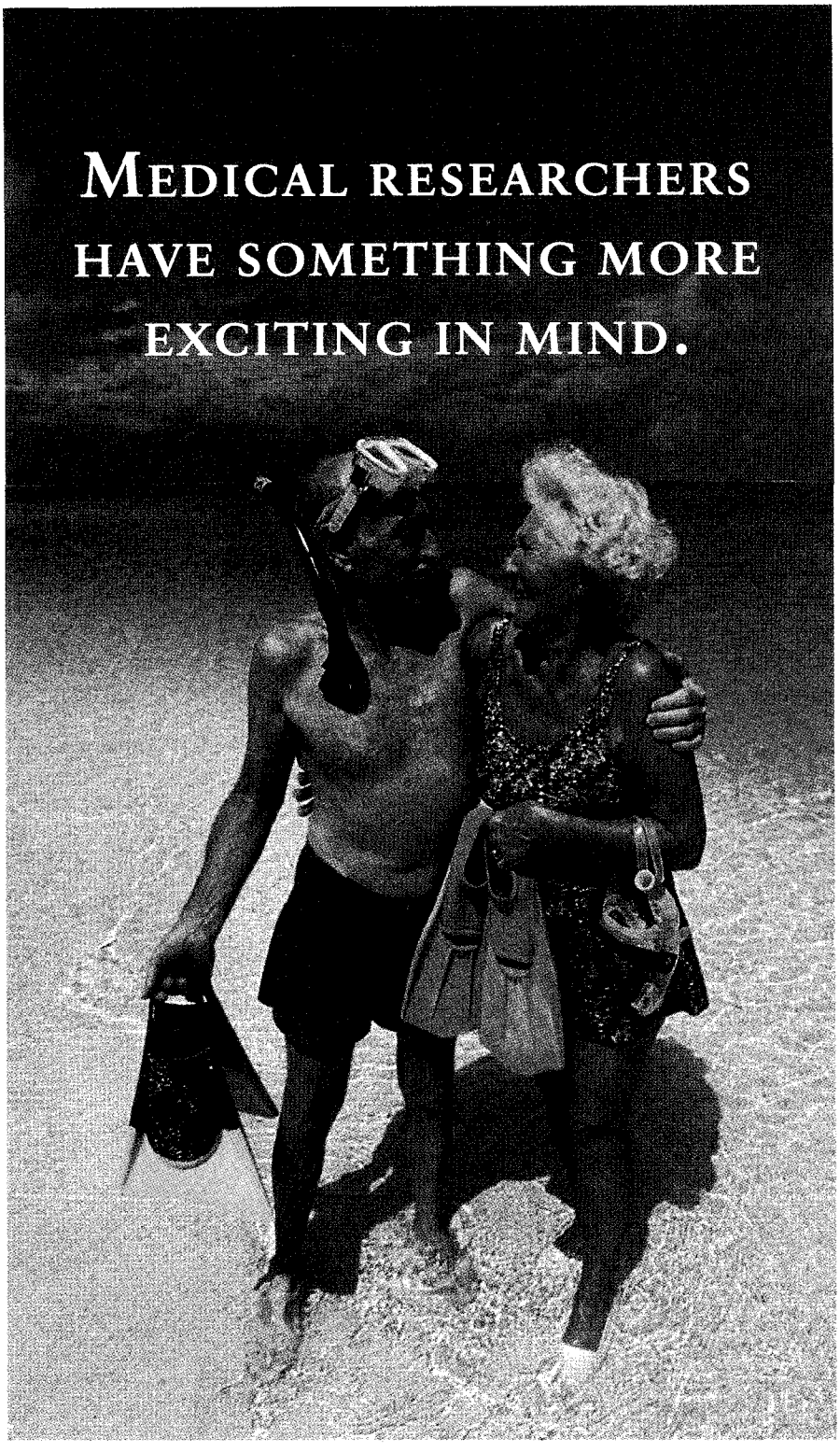
problem affecting only older women, osteoporosis is actually an equal opportunity health threat. Twenty percent of the 25 million Americans who are afflicted with it are men. Currently, the disease is responsible for roughly $10 billion per year in health care and related costs. And those costs are expected to escalate to $60 billion by the year 2050.

David Thompson, Ph.D., and a group of 35 other scientists at Pfizer Central Research in Groton, Connecticut are trying to close a gap in osteoporosis therapy.

He explains: "Oral estrogen is an important treatment option for people with osteoporosis. But there is concern about potential long-term side effects."

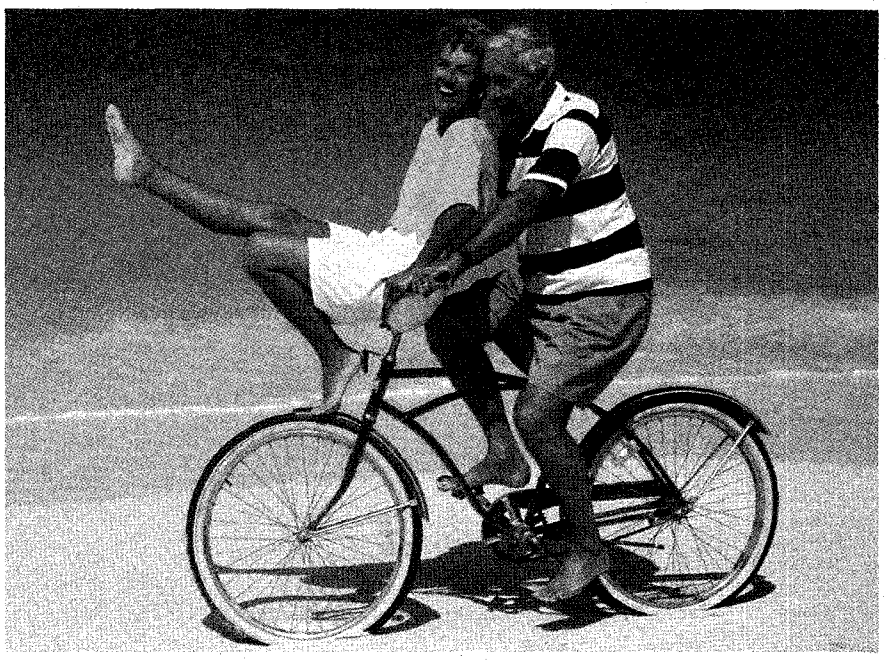
To address this, Thompson and his group are trying to find a way to match estrogen's positive role in maintaining bone mass, while eliminating its negative effects.

Finding an improved treatment for osteoporosis is just one of Thompson's projects. His group is



1905	1928	1936	1944	1960	1965
First artificial joint used in arthritic patient's hip.	Penicillin discovered, but only available in small amounts.	First artificial heart is invented.	Pfizer is first to mass-produce penicillin; infant deaths steadily decline.	First pacemaker is invented.	First report that estrogen therapy prevents osteo-porosis in women.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Medicine can't make you younger. But it might help you feel better about growing older.

also researching medicines that could reduce body fat, restore muscle and bone mass, and improve immune function in older people.

Of course, not all of the symptoms of aging are associated with a loss of vitality. Specific diseases attack as the years advance, and

Soon more people than ever before will be in a position to experience not just middle age, but old age.

Pfizer scientists are trying to develop better treatments for a number of these illnesses.

A group of scientists headed by Dr. Ralph Stevenson at Pfizer's Central Research Facility in Groton is working to unravel the mysteries of late-onset diabetes. It's a disease that has a staggering impact on the lives of millions of people, not just in the United States, but worldwide. In Sandwich, England, Pfizer scientists are researching potential new treatments for urinary incontinence and benign prostatic hyperplasia, an enlargement of the prostate that affects the lives of thousands of older men.

Where will all of these efforts lead? It's far too early to tell whether any of Pfizer's research projects will lead to marketable medicines. No matter how promising a development or how much time or money has been invested in a research effort, there are no sure things.

All we know is this: The 50s and 60s have become the new middle age. The generation now entering this age group may be able to avoid many of the more difficult physical aspects of aging. Medicine can't make you younger. But it might help you feel better about growing older.

1980	1990s	
Life expectancy is 75 years.	Retirees outnumber teenagers for the first time in history.	Over the past 100 years, average life expectancy has doubled to 85.

Pfizer

We're part of the cure.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HARD QUESTIONS

Feed the face

The debate over assisted suicide reached this page eight weeks ago, when Michael J. Sandel criticized the philosophers' brief, in which six leading liberal philosophers urged the Supreme Court to overturn state laws prohibiting doctors (or anyone else) from helping terminally ill patients kill themselves. Suicide, the philosophers said, is a "liberty right," and assistance is morally legitimate and should be legally permitted whenever it is requested by competent persons exercising that right. Our lives are our own, and we can choose and arrange our own deaths. Sandel, however, pointed out that there is another understanding of human life, which denies the individual's absolute ownership and asserts instead a larger, divine or communal, interest: we are not the sole authors of our life drama. He urged the Court not to be too quick to choose between these radically different understandings.

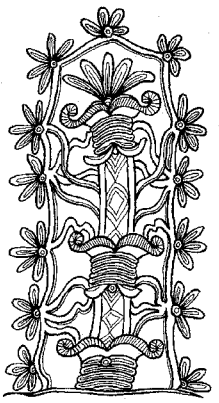
I am not going to choose between them either: they are each partly right. But, even if the philosophers have the better case, there are still very strong arguments against the legalization of assisted suicide in this country, here and now. These have to do with another right that men and women hold: not to be killed, or pressed to kill themselves, or quietly hustled off in any way before their time. The relevance of this right, given the radical inequities of health care in the United States, is forcefully argued in a book-length report published by the New York State Task Force on Life and the Law, *When Death Is Sought.* Consider some of its arguments.

Advocates of assisted suicide recognize that legalization would require a regime of restraint and precaution. No assistance without second opinions, psychiatric consultations, strenuous efforts to relieve the pain and provision of hospice services: that is the maximal program, and all of it is morally necessary.

Only after everything else has been tried, and the patient's intentions repeatedly queried, could the lethal pill or injection be allowed. But who would pay for all these services? And how is it possible, without a national health care system, to guarantee that they will in fact be provided for all patients, rich or poor, young or old, majority or minority, with familial support or isolated and alone?

The philosophers' brief argues that if suicide is a right, then the state is obligated to protect its exercise—and thus ensure the necessary safeguards. And the philosophers seem to assume that, once the Court recognizes this right, the legislative and executive branches of government will see to it that what is necessary *in principle* is provided *in practice.* They write as if philosophical argument and judicial decision can generate an equality of treatment that doesn't exist and has never existed in American medicine.

Of course, it's not out of the question that state governments or the federal government would require expensive consultations and therapies for patients who threaten to kill themselves. As in the case of hospitalization after childbirth, governments might step in to mandate the extra care, and also to force insurance companies to pay for it—especially if there were highly publicized stories about people dispatched in a hurry, without the consultations and therapies. But this seems a terribly uncertain way of forcing health care provision, and the victory, if it were won, would benefit only an oddly restricted group. Terminally ill patients who don't threaten to kill themselves, because they have moral or religious objections to suicide, would not benefit at all. Still, why not allow assisted suicide, and try to guarantee the necessary safeguards, for those without objections? The point of the safeguards, after all, is not to provide suicidal patients with free care but only to make sure that they really want to die.



But the question of how many people really want to die doesn't depend only on the treatment provided to those who announce that they want to die. As the Task Force report argues, the number of people who consider suicide, and the number who choose suicide, is largely determined by the quality of care provided to the whole cohort of very sick people, before the thoughts occur and the choices are made. And the quality of care actually provided right now to poor people (many of them members of minority groups) ought to worry the defenders of assisted suicide. There probably are a lot more suffering and suicidal people in this country than they imagine, and it isn't likely that all or even most of them would suddenly receive, after a Court decision, the care they require.

According to the Task Force report, "advances in pain control have rendered cases of intolerable and untreatable pain extremely rare." But cases of untreated pain are not rare at all, and statistical studies of the available data on who gets palliative care are depressingly familiar. Patients at clinics and hospitals that serve minority populations, for example, are three times more likely to receive inadequate pain relief than those treated elsewhere. I suspect that a study of hospice care would show even greater disparities. There are problems for the middle class also: many insurance policies don't cover expensive forms of pain relief (while some cover only the most expensive technological interventions but not more ordinary medication). And, then again, there are millions of Americans with no insurance at all, and this number seems to be growing.

Ironically, the chief problem with assisted suicide may not be moral or legal so much as financial: it is just too cheap relative to the available medical alternatives. And, in a world of market medicine and tightening government budgets, cheap is all too likely to mean attractive. Once again, the money needed to care for those who threaten suicide, and even for all terminally ill men and women, including the very old and very poor, might be forthcoming. The equal protection clause would seem to require it, and our collective uneasiness with suicide might help to loosen the national purse strings. But I doubt it.

The vulnerable population is just too large for this particular social experiment. I don't mean that people would be assisted against their will (though there would probably be cases like that), but rather that the suffering that leads them to seek assistance in dying will often be avoidable suffering, and that it will be distributed, as it is now, in morally unacceptable ways.

Reading the arguments about assisted suicide reminded me of a line from Bertolt Brecht's *The Three-Penny Opera*: "First feed the face, and then talk right and wrong." As a general rule, that statement is itself wrong, of course, but it can sometimes serve as a salutary warning. First, provide decent health care for the living; then, we can have a proper debate about the moral problems of death and dying.

MICHAEL WALZER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

In the Course of Time

A film can be lucky. **Brassed Off** (Miramax), for instance. Set in 1992, this English film deals with still another closure of a coal mine in Yorkshire, and it's hard to believe that the filmmakers calculated the picture's appearance to coincide so aptly with the recent Labour victory. Yet here, with lucky timing, it is, just after the swamping of the Tory Party by what has already been dubbed the Tony Party.

Brassed Off is an unabashed mixture of hard fact and movie maneuver. Mark Herman, who wrote and directed, says that he had long wanted to make a film about the mine closures and found his approach when he read about a colliery's brass band that was in trouble because the mine where the players worked was being shut down. So Herman built a story around a fictitious band in a town called Grimley, where the miners must vote to strike or to accept severance pay and let the mine go—and let the miners' band go with it.

All the elements about labor are grim, including hatred of Thatcher (Major is never mentioned). Workers whose complete loyalty was expected by management are now being cast aside by technological change—the arrival of nuclear energy. British labor troubles have evoked a long line of plays and (eventually) films, at least since John Walker's *The Factory Lad* (1832), and, like Walker's play, many of them have been in the Luddite vein. In those cases the main issue has been not wages and conditions but the elimination of jobs by machinery; *Brassed Off*, too, confronts that agony.

Intertwined with this drama, very closely, is the fight to maintain the miners' brass band, founded a century earlier. (The film's title is a pun: in Yorkshire, we're told, it's a euphemism for "pissed off.") But the band story is full of movie sentimentalities. The leader, an old miner with lungs full of coal dust, insists that the band must go on despite the troubles, to win the national competition in London for the sake of past Grimley band glories. An attractive young woman, born in the town, returns home on a job, is conveniently now a gifted flügelhorn player, and joins the group. A young miner in the band, her childhood sweetheart, resumes attentions, only to find programmatic obstacles. The band leader collapses at a crucial moment, yet, with the help of Hollywood touches, an ending is contrived that states the miners' anger strongly. I certainly blubbed obediently when I was supposed to, just as my toe tapped to the band's music—reactions that were equally profound.

In the last sequence, in London, the band rides past the Houses of Parliament, playing, as ironically as possible, "Land of Hope and Glory." What about those miners now, and others like them? Obviously Labour couldn't have won as it did without the support of such men and women—where else would they have voted? Liberal Democrat?—yet they knew they were voting for a prime minister who has been repeatedly described as a somewhat modified Thatcher. For all its malarkey, *Brassed Off* is serious enough to make us wonder about the state of mind of those men and women. More: the closing titles of the film direct us to think about them.

Herman handled his script cleanly and cast the picture well. Even Tara Fitzgerald, previously unimpressive, is solid and humorous as the Yorkshire lass come home.

The good news about **Love! Valour! Compassion!** (Fine Line) is that it's boring. Terrence McNally's screenplay, derived from his play, is about three summer weekends in a country house outside New York. The host is a gay man and so are his seven guests. The film is boring in two ways. First, the weekend goings-on—flirtations, quarrels, reconciliations—are basically very old stuff (except for some shadowed elements dealing obliquely with HIV infection). Second—and this is the good news—a homosexual venue is no longer novel enough to make trite material interesting.

The breakthrough for candor about homosexuality in plays and films—though of course there had been cautious and disguised antecedents—came in the late 1960s. That breakthrough gave gay men and lesbians the long-delayed satisfaction of seeing themselves portrayed justly; and it provided expansion of understanding for those of us who are not gay. By now, however, those two aspects *in themselves* are insufficient raison d'être for homosexual work.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Designated Mourner. *A spoken "chamber music" trio written in vernacular "music" by Wallace Shawn, elegizing the end of our civilization. Mike Nichols is particularly fine. (Reviewed 3/24/97)* **Ponette.** *French. Chiefly notable for phenomenal Victoire Thevisol, a 4-year-old as a child who has lost her mother. (6/2/97)* **La Promesse.** *Belgian. In an industrial slum a warped youth finds something other than his accustomed life through the simplicities of an African woman. A large achievement with small means. (5/26/97)* **Traveller.** *Bill Paxton plays a Southern con man and quickly makes clear why he is successful at the game. (5/19/97)*—**SK**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's cheering that society has made at least enough progress so that this McNally film is tedious. Candor about homosexuality is now so widely accepted as part of theater-film possibilities that plays and films offering not much more than such candor seem dated. In that sense *Love! Valour! Compassion!* is an important, if dull, milestone.

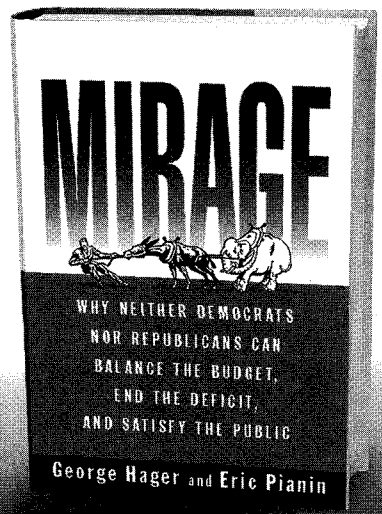
Book note. Welcome to **Eye on the World** by Judy Stone (Silman-James, 826 pp., paperback $35). This is a collection of some 240 interviews with film people from forty countries, conducted by Stone, done (mostly) for *The San Francisco Chronicle*—and a lively collection it is. The entries are arranged by the subjects' nationalities so you know from the table of contents that, besides many whom you would expect to be present, you are going to hear from three people from Tunisia, two from Vietnam and one from Mali.

It's a very browsable book, and I browsed in it extensively. Stone (sister of the late I. F.) is informed, sympathetic and, though she doesn't force, never misses the social-political aspects, if any, of a subject's work. Interesting oddities crop up. The father of the German director Percy Adlon was Rudolf Laubenthal, a Wagnerian tenor I used to hear at the Met. François Truffaut was fascinated by the Kaspar Hauser story even after he had made the comparable *Wild Child* but thought the story "too German" for him. Since the book is, in Stone's term, "archival," some of these interviews date from decades past. You can learn what Woody Allen was worrying about in 1968.

A word about the book's unusually good design. Almost every interview is headed by a good photo of the subject on a full-spread page, with the rest of the interview on pleasant double-columned pages (or the book would have been even heftier than it is). Each entry is followed by the original date of publication and a list of the subject's films to the present. The book *looks* inviting and lives up to its looks.

News note. A few weeks ago, reviewing *Hamsun,* I lamented the fact that American audiences wouldn't have a chance to see it. This is no longer a fact. First Run Features will distribute this Jan Troell film in the U.S. It opens on August 6 at the Film Forum in New York and will subsequently be seen in major cities. So at least some of us will get the chance to enjoy Max von Sydow's splendid performance. (By the way, I don't imply cause-and-effect above. The First Run decision was reached shortly before my review appeared.) •

IS THE LATEST PROMISE TO BALANCE THE BUDGET JUST ANOTHER MIRAGE?


MIRAGE
WHY NEITHER DEMOCRATS NOR REPUBLICANS CAN BALANCE THE BUDGET, END THE DEFICIT, AND SATISFY THE PUBLIC
George Hager and Eric Pianin

"Amazingly relevant to today's headlines.... Compelling."
—Richard S. Dunham, *Business Week*

"Hager and Pianin's knack for lucid exposition makes the fine points positively interesting.... Splendid."
—Jonathan Rauch, *Chicago Tribune*

The fascinating, behind-the-scenes story of how Congress and our presidents have gotten America into its deficit and budget mess and why today's politics won't let us escape.

TIMES BOOKS

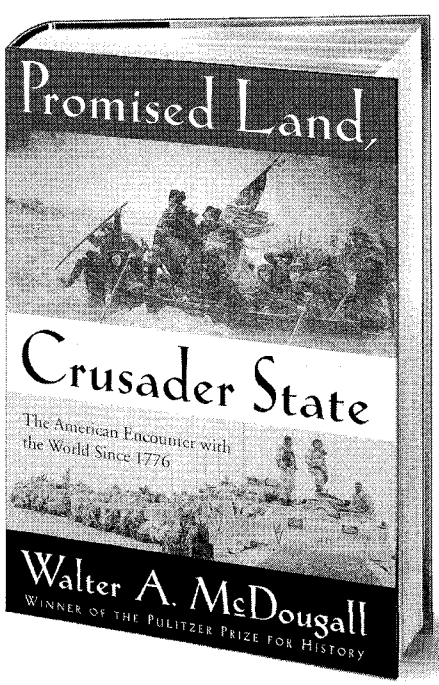
http://www.randomhouse.com/

NEW FROM PULITZER PRIZE-WINNER WALTER A. McDOUGALL

"First-rate...." This sensible account of American foreign policy from Washington to Clinton tells it as it is, and as it was." —David Fromkin, *New York Times Book Review*

"A rich study of the American experience....A challenging book."
—James Chace, *Los Angeles Times*

"A valuable guide for today's policymakers."
—Henry A. Kissinger


Promised Land,
Crusader State
The American Encounter with the World Since 1776
Walter A. McDougall
WINNER OF THE PULITZER PRIZE FOR HISTORY

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
INDEPENDENT PUBLISHERS SINCE 1832

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Robert Brustein on Theater

Funding Audiences

Piercing the media din after the Town Hall debate between August Wilson and myself was a shriek of pain from the Lila Wallace-Reader's Digest Fund. It was not hard to understand why. About the only thing the two of us had managed to agree upon was that the foundation's $26 million initiative for developing culturally diverse audiences was proving a monstrous waste of cash. Wilson had complained that, instead of funding needy black institutions, the Wallace money was going to so-called white theaters to stage plays by black writers. I had bemoaned the fact that coercive philanthropy of this kind (and Wallace is not alone in using economic resources to influence the direction of the arts) was forcing resident theaters to comply with external foundation agendas rather than internal artistic needs.

A letter circulated to all the resident artistic directors by Holly Sidford, currently program director of the foundation, protested our brusque dismissal of its audience-building initiative and enclosed a statement by Christine DeVita, president of the Lila Wallace-Reader's Digest Fund. DeVita wrote that, of the forty-two grant awards in 1996, twelve went to "minority organizations run by people of color and based on African American, Latino, or Asian American artistic traditions." It was the Fund's mission, she went on, "to enhance the cultural life of communities and to make the arts a more active part of people's everyday lives.... Our grants enable a wide variety of cultural groups to actively engage people from all walks of life in outstanding artistic programs."

These are noble-sounding democratic goals, and the statistics do show that, contrary to August Wilson's belief that only "white" theaters are beneficiaries, a reasonable number of minority theaters, some of them black-directed, are indeed receiving significant grants. The problem is that the Wallace Fund's concept of audience-building has more to do with social work than it does with art. They distribute works of the imagination among the hungry and disenfranchised as if these were loaves of bread.

There are obvious differences, however, between a hunger for food and a hunger for culture. The first is an instinctual need, the other has to be cultivated. Once you make quality ("outstanding artistic programs") synonymous with quantity ("people from all walks of life"), you invariably begin to degrade the product. The initial purpose of the nonprofit theater, and its major justification, was to provide a creative alternative to the audience-driven manufactures of Broadway. To support the nonprofit arts from the point of view of the audience rather than the artist is effectively to dump these theaters back into the marketplace.

The Wallace Fund furnishes its own proof in a semi-annual report that the Fund publishes called "Building Audiences." The text of these pamphlets would be dynamite material for stand-up comedy if it weren't so depressing. Here are a few of the more uproarious routines. The August 1996 issue records that Philadelphia's Freedom Theatre listened carefully to what its audiences said they wanted and gave them a season "they couldn't resist." Freedom's marketing director had discovered that the theater's audience, composed of 90 percent blacks and 70 percent females, "were quite specific about what they like. They said that when they go to the theater they want to see plays that are about them, and they want to be entertained and have fun." As a result, she proposed a schedule that "offered all the right ingredients—lots of music, humor, some star talent, shows about women and some family entertainment." The marketing director might have been planning the next season for ABC. A five-year Wallace grant was arranged to help Freedom "achieve its primary goal of broadening its African American audiences." How does a theater "broaden" an audience that's already 90 percent black? I suspect the correct word is "enlarge." Freedom is obviously being encouraged to enlarge the size of its audience by cheapening its season offerings.

As for the Repertorio Español, the Wallace Fund has helped this distinguished Latino theater to understand how "nationality-specific productions are the key to attracting Hispanic audiences and introducing them to the theater." Eureka! I hope the Repertorio Español has expressed sufficient gratitude to Wallace for learning how to "broaden" its Hispanic audiences. But wait, there's more wisdom. "Once the initial barrier has been broken down, new audiences are more likely to return and try something else—maybe even a play from another part of the Latino world." I think what Wallace is trying to say is that a "nationality-specific" audience, having dined sufficiently on the cultural fare of its own country, might someday be ready to digest some European fare in the Spanish language, possibly works by Lope de Vega or García Lorca, which the Repertorio Español has routinely produced for years. This reminds me of David Susskind's oft-expressed conviction, in the early days of television, that the people watching middlebrow "Golden Age" teledramas were being prepared to embrace Shakespeare. We're still waiting.

The Wallace Fund is now engaged in a very costly "major evaluation" of its impact on resident theaters. Advance reports are already turning up startling conclusions. One incredibly deep insight is that "members of culturally specific groups, such as African Americans and Latinos, are particularly sensitive to how they are portrayed on stage ... they want to see positive, more balanced images of themselves in the theater ... 'the kind of piece they can bring their children to and feel proud about.'" In short, precisely the sort of fare already being produced on "the Chitlin Circuit." Will such ambitious black theaters as Crossroads and Penumbra also be forced to join this circuit so as to "broaden" their audiences? The Wallace Fund offers similar advice to what it calls "white theaters." It has helped the Victory Gardens Theater in Chicago to understand that in order to attract more African American and Latino audiences "it needed to make a long-term commitment to develop and produce more work by African American and Hispanic playwrights." The workings of the human brain are sometimes dazzling.

As for the Goodman Theatre in the same city, "most black ticket buyers ... still consider the Goodman a white theater occasionally doing black plays," despite its nontraditional casting policy and its programming of at least one African American play each season. How does Goodman use Wallace money to change this racial perception? The theater hosts events where new subscribers have a chance to meet the director. The Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles has increased its Latino audiences from 2 percent to 5.3 percent.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How? Why, by doing more Latino plays. Similarly, the Alabama Shakespeare Festival increased its black subscribers by offering four plays likely to appeal to African American audiences (only one—*Othello*—by Shakespeare). That may be the way to attract black subscribers to the Shaw Festival, too.

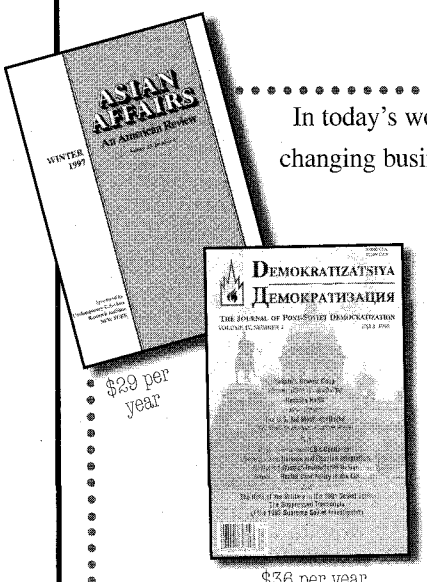
Using a word we haven't heard much since the '60s, Wallace calls this "relevant programming." And in an "evaluation update" the Fund establishes the following conditions for earning this meritorious sobriquet (and Wallace money): "The work is written by a member of the targeted audience group; it is directed by a member of that group; it features a story depicting their lives; and the majority of cast members are from the target group. From its preliminary analysis, the evaluation team judged a play relevant if it met two or more of these criteria. A season was considered relevant if 25 percent or more of the works met the necessary criteria." This, of course, is only a "preliminary analysis." But, we are assured, the Wallace Fund is sparing no expense to support and advance the research of this "evaluation team." Imagine what such a Brain Trust might turn up about the greenness of grass or the wetness of water.

There is, of course, no way of knowing whether the recipients of Wallace largesse would have devised their "relevant programming" without the requisite grants. There are certainly a number of good minority plays available to theaters without foundation bribes. But the reports leave no doubt that this well-meaning liberal funding agency is profoundly altering the selection process at a number of nonprofit institutions, and hardly for the better. I'm not sure it is a proper function of philanthropy to advise theaters about what kind of works to choose for a season. Isn't it more appropriate for artistic directors to produce plays because they believe in them, and not because they attract audience development grants or make minorities feel good about themselves? Isn't it the artist's function to create his own "relevance" by leading public taste rather than following it? The populist alternative is what Eric Bentley once called "democrateering"—alas, another example of how Americans can analyze a problem correctly and then come up with the wrong solution.

It is wrong because it is short-sighted. The long-term way to develop audiences of any race or ethnicity is through expert arts education in the schools, a task which (despite some recent efforts by the Annenberg Foundation) remains woefully underfunded. If the public and private sectors persist in ignoring the training of young audiences, then the only sensible alternative is to keep challenging adults through powerful new visions, stretching their imaginations with experiences that are penetrating and unexpected. Neither of my parents had the slightest interest in music or literature; but at the age of 10, I was taken to see a benefit production of a musical called *Swinging the Dream.* It was my first experience with Shakespeare, an all-black treatment of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* starring Bill Robinson and Ella Fitzgerald as Oberon and Titania, and Louis Armstrong as Bottom the Weaver (the Benny Goodman Quintet was one of the pit bands). A budding swing musician myself, I was totally enchanted with the show, though the reviews were bad and it closed in a week. *Swinging the Dream* was not "about" me. It did not provide any "positive images" of my racial, ethnic or sexual background. Yet this musical was partly responsible for a lifelong love of Shakespeare, particularly in fresh and irreverent versions.

Audience development is a process best left not to foundation officials but to artists. There is no substitute for exposure, whether early in life or late, to the finest work available to all races, sexes and ethnicities. •

Our Journals Will
Help You Stay on Top
of The Far Corners of
The World



$29 per year

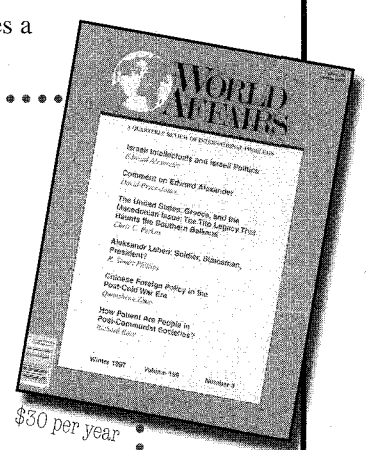
$36 per year

In today's world of political upheaval and changing business scenarios, it is hard to keep up-to-date with what's going on and all the implications. Heldref Publications offers political science journals that cover the issues that help you stay informed. Each journal provides in-depth articles, book reviews, and other features. Whether you are interested in a specific area of the world, such as Southeast Asia, post-Soviet democratization, or international relations and law, Heldref publishes a journal you won't want to miss.

For a limited time, we are offering our journals at **20% off** the individual rate.
To order, call 1-800-365-9753
and mention this ad.

Heldref Publications
1319 Eighteenth St., NW
Washington, DC 20036-1802
1-800-365-9753
www.heldref.org

Offer expires August 31, 1997



$30 per year

539gen57

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bad Faith

BY RICHARD A. POSNER

A Critique of Adjudication (*fin de siècle*) by Duncan Kennedy

(Harvard University Press, 424 pp., $45)

One of the hoariest issues in political and legal theory is whether judges do and should make law ("do justice"), rather than just interpret and apply rules of law laid down by a legislature. The issue is at least as old as Aristotle, and it engaged the attention of Hobbes, Bentham and Holmes, among many others. It is particularly contentious in the United States, because so many American judges have been politically minded, and because so many of the "rules" that they are supposed to be applying are either common law principles explicitly made by judges; vague or conflicting statutes or regulations made by our undisciplined legislatures or administrative agencies; or vague or open-ended constitutional provisions.

The leeway for judicial creativity, therefore, is enormous. And our judges have not been slow to exploit it. In doing so, they have often seemed to cross the line, blurred as it is, that separates judging from legislating. Judicial legislation is an embarrassment in a representative democracy, especially when, as in the federal system, judges are not elected and can be removed only for the grossest derelictions. These judges have sometimes seemed like a "bevy of Platonic Guardians," in Learned Hand's phrase; and Plato's Republic, remember, was no democracy.

How far judges do and should feel free to decide cases is the subject of Duncan Kennedy's new book. A professor at Harvard Law School, Kennedy was one of the founders of the radical school of legal scholarship known as critical legal studies, and he remains its most unrepentant adherent. Even he acknowledges that critical legal studies is finished as a movement, but he believes that it survives as a school of thought. He calls the critical legal studies niche that he occupies "left / mpm," short for left-wing modernism-postmodernism.

Perhaps the best-known current occupant of that niche is the philosopher Richard Rorty. He is a pragmatist, and Kennedy's book is, a little surprisingly, a defense of pragmatism, albeit of a peculiar hue; so maybe critical legal studies is dead, period. Readers may be confused on this score by the hint of decadence in the book's cutesy subtitle, and especially by the book's vocabulary. Infatuation with critical theory has led Kennedy to make heavy use of terms such as "ideology," "intelligentsia" and "bad faith" (in Sartre's sense) that are foreign to American legal debate. And his peculiar definition of ideology turns out to be the key to his book.

We usually think of an ideology as a total system of thought, coherent and complete like communism, national socialism, Fabian socialism or classical liberalism. Kennedy uses "ideology" much more narrowly, to denote "liberalism" and "conservatism" in their modern American senses in which the left wing of the Democratic Party is "liberal" and the center and right of the Republican Party are "conservative." These ideologies begin in material interest and emotional identification (with whom do you like to hang out?), but they take on an intellectual coloration when the contestants begin to articulate their claims in universal terms in order to win over neutrals.

Since liberals and conservatives appeal to the same basic values—the rule of law, the importance of rights and limited government, the moral values of the Judeo-Christian tradition, liberty, prosperity, tolerance, the family, and so on—these ideologies do not provide the tools for resolving specific issues. As Kennedy puts it, "liberals and conservatives share identical major premises and switch back and forth, as they draw lines, between identical, intermediate-level arguments." The indeterminacy of ideological debate is important to Kennedy because so many legal issues cannot be resolved nonideologically, by reasoning from authoritative legal materials.

Still, some can be. Kennedy rejects as not "even slightly plausible" the idea that "legal materials and legal reasoning are sufficiently plastic that they can offer an acceptable post hoc rationalization of whatever result the judge favors, and judges are habitual rationalizers." Judges "often, often, often declare and apply rules that they would never vote for if they were legislators." Often, but not always: hence "the simultaneously structured and plastic character of legal reasoning." Kennedy thinks that the plastic in this compound bothers judges a lot. They don't want to be seen as reaching decisions on ideological grounds. As a result they "*always* aim to generate a particular rhetorical effect through this work: that of the legal necessity of their solutions without regard to ideology." This aim is shared by law professors and interest-group advocates, who want to help the judge reach an ideologically motivated result (abortion on demand, or homosexual rights, or freedom from economic regulation, or religion in the public schools) without tipping his or her ideological hand.

So not all decisions are ideological, but some decisions are; and their ideological character has to be concealed. This concealment is accomplished by the methods that Kennedy calls collectively "legalism" ("liberal legalism" when employed by liberals). One method is the coherence approach of Ronald Dworkin. He acknowledges an open area in the law, where logical and other purely formal reasoning from authoritative legal materials yields no answer; but he thinks it can be closed by constructing a general theory of legal rights and duties from which the correct outcome of even the most difficult case can be derived objectively.

In Kennedy's view, Dworkin's effort has failed. Dworkin has tried to join two different tracks of his work. One is the jurisprudential, in which he has endeavored with some success to show that in the American legal system the law is indeed more than legal positivists think it is. It is not just the rules laid down by legislatures and by the ratifiers of the Constitution and its amendments, or even by earlier judges ("precedent"); it is also the principles that inform the rules, and which by doing so illuminate their scope, and which also furnish grounds for decision when rules and precedents run out. Dworkin's other track is commentary on Supreme Court constitutional decisions. Dworkin joins the two tracks by arguing that his views on the merits of these decisions are generated not by his personal ideology, which is left-liberal, but by the concept of law developed in his jurisprudential writings. Kennedy finds this argument laughable. Dworkin's views on such issues as abortion, affirmative action, euthanasia, civil disobedience and pornography obviously derive from his political beliefs rather than from his highly abstract theory of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

how judges should decide difficult cases.

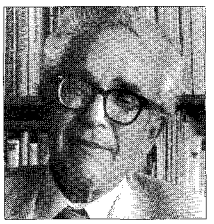
The second way in which the judges' academic trainers try to help them disguise ideological argument as legal reasoning is by using notions of public policy, often nowadays informed by economic analysis, to bridge the gap between conventional legal materials and the desired outcome. Kennedy sees this as a legacy of legal realism, which killed formalism and "promoted a hybrid in which policy argument is included as a supplement to deductive reasoning in both liberal and conservative appellate opinions." He believes that policy is every bit as manipulable as coherence theory, that "policy argument is interminably ideological, and like ideological debate, just plain interminable."

Kennedy is wrong. It is true that one can always argue both sides of an issue of policy, but often the arguments for one side fall completely flat. I would like to see Kennedy argue on behalf of raising the minimum wage to $50 an hour. His book has no sustained discussion of policy issues; it merely asserts, in the face of contradictory evidence not discussed, the indeterminacy of policy analysis. It would be odd for legal arguments often, often, often to achieve closure, as Kennedy concedes, and policy arguments never, never, never to do the same.

The third way of disguising ideology as law, Kennedy claims, is by recasting ideological issues in the language of "rights." Feminist jurists do not just say that they want women to be able to obtain abortions on demand, the way a union might just say that it wants its members to have a larger share of the employer's profits. The feminists say that there is a constitutional right to abortion on demand, thus dressing up an ideological demand in neutral legal language. "Rights reasoning, in short, allows you to be right about your value judgments, rather than just stating 'preferences.'" This particular method (early Dworkin, as Kennedy notes) of concealing ideology as legality is so popular that it has led to the "rights-overkill problem." With every interest group agitating for rights, rights pop up on both sides of most legal disputes. There is the debate over hate speech, which confronts the right to free speech with the right to racial justice; the debate over pornography, where the right of free speech confronts the right of sexual equality; and the debates over abortion and custody, where rights of fathers are asserted against rights of mothers. You get no help, as Kennedy points out, from the philosophical concept of rights; the philosophical discourse of rights is as indeterminate as the legal discourse of rights. Still, the

"Nathan Glazer...understands the present situation...clearly, and with an admirable sensitivity to what certain multiculturalists are trying to achieve...As Mr. Glazer shows in a fascinating chapter, the educational theorists (including John Dewey) who spoke of the American 'melting pot' were thinking almost exclusively of the European immigrants to this country; race, in their vocabulary, meant what we now call ethnicity. European-Americans could and would in time disconnect themselves from their country of origin and cease to be known as 'hyphenated' Americans. African-Americans were never included in this vision and were often treated by the theorists as if they simply were not there." —Mary Lefkowitz, WALL STREET JOURNAL

We Are All Multiculturalists Now



NATHAN GLAZER

"Glazer...is a distinguished social scientist and social critic...[This is a] densely packed book, the essential argument of which is that multiculturalism 'is the price America is paying for its inability or unwillingness to incorporate into its society African Americans, in the same way and to the same degree it has incorporated so many groups.'"
—Jonathan Yardley, WASHINGTON POST BOOK WORLD

"This book is remarkable for the plainspoken grace of its concessions, and Glazer also maintains an eloquent honesty about his reservations regarding government-imposed remedies, and about his unaccustomed position of being stymied for answers." —KIRKUS REVIEWS

$19.95 cloth

Harvard University Press
800-448-2242 www.hup.harvard.edu

MARKET DRIVEN
Health Care
Who Wins, Who Loses in the Transformation of America's Largest Service Industry
REGINA HERZLINGER
HARVARD BUSINESS SCHOOL

"Based on remarkable insight into the problems of our health care system, ***Market-Driven Health Care*** shows us how to transform our system into a more cost-effective one by putting the patient in the driver's seat with the doctor 'riding shotgun.'"

DANIEL H. JOHNSON, JR., M.D., President, American Medical Association

"A highly engaging display of multi-industry thinking."

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

ADDISON-WESLEY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

invocation of rights is very facile—so facile, in fact, that Kennedy is surely wrong to think that they are an effective disguise for naked preferences.

To the extent that it succeeds in fooling people, the disguise of ideology as law has three effects, which Kennedy calls empowerment, moderation and legitimation. The disguise empowers "legal fractions of intelligentsia" to decide ideological issues without reference to majorities. But in doing so, it also moderates ideological conflict: the legal-judicial community removes ideological issues from the political community, turning what would otherwise be a political issue for ideologically organized majorities to decide into a technical issue for decision by mandarins. At the same time, by concealing the amount of ideological conflict in society, the reclassification of political issues as legal ones makes the political status quo, whatever it is, seem natural and necessary.

Kennedy is making a populist criticism of law. He believes that law blocks change in whatever direction, good or bad, that the "masses" might want to go. ("Masses" is one of Kennedy's favorite words; his frequent use of it marks him as an old unreconstructed lefty thoroughly out of touch with modern America.) He thinks that both liberals and conservatives fear the "masses" until instructed in the proper techniques of moral reflection and deliberation.

Supplying "right" answers to questions that otherwise would be resolved by political struggle bolsters the illusion of "rightness," of consensus, throughout society. Ordinary citizens may not be able to agree on whether abortion should be permissible, but it doesn't matter; the issue has been consigned to a body of experts to decide on technical legal grounds. (In *Roe* v. *Wade,* Justice Blackmun tried to go one step further and turn the ideological issue of abortion rights into a medical issue.) European courts are less ideological than American ones; and, consistent with Kennedy's moderation thesis, European politics are more ideological than American politics. Europeans haven't converted as many of their ideological conflicts into technical legal disputes.

These effects of empowerment, moderation and legitimation depend, among other things, on judicial behavior. Kennedy offers a typology of judges. The "constrained activist" pushes an ideological agenda, but only as far as he can within the constraints imposed by the conventional materials of legal decision-making. The "difference splitter" compromises rival ideological claims. The "bipolar" judge switches back and forth from one ideological position to another. Thus ideology influences the votes of all three types of judge. I don't know why Kennedy chose these types to discuss; they exist, but there are as many unconstrained activists, determinedly nonideological judges, and judges who (as Kennedy remarks) "may experience closure at the end of a process that looks like random search, just grabbing onto the feeling when it hits them," as there are judges in his three categories. There are very few "bipolar" judges.

Anyway, the game is almost up. The efforts of the judges and their academic backers to conceal ideology as legality, Kennedy believes, are fraying badly. The dilemma of "liberal legalism" is that liberals have to defend the ideology of adjudication as neutral and objective in order to fend off conservative opponents, but without giving up the liberal political agenda that the courts have implemented. "There was something 'weakening' or 'undermining' about the fact that the liberals were using exactly the rhetoric they had denounced before World War II, about the failure to come up with any alternative to balancing as a methodology for protecting rights, about the very facility they began to feel at inventing new rights (privacy being the most striking case), and about the parallel facility of their opponents at inventing counterrights of one kind or another."

When the duplicity of legal reasoning is exposed through "internal critique"—Kennedy's method, the identification of the internal contradictions in all efforts to bridge the gap between ideology and law—there are two reactions. One he calls bad faith, in which the judge or the law professor senses that his effort to submerge ideology in neutral legal reasoning is phony but refuses, ostrich-like, to acknowledge this. A frank avowal would be too painful, as it would rob him of his self-image as a serious thinker, as someone "above" politics. The other reaction—and this is Kennedy's own—is loss of faith in legal reasoning. If you see all the way through the pretensions of legal analysis, you lose your enthusiasm for doing coherence theory, or policy analysis, or rights analysis.

For Kennedy, this is a personal experience at once thrilling—his book is drenched in the mountaintop thrill of superior vision—and depressing, because liberal legalism in general and rights analysis in particular have, he thinks, done a lot of good by "inducing a diffuse but pervasive, unpredictably militant 'rights consciousness' throughout American society that is one of the few effective checks on bureaucratic abuses in both public and private sectors." The radical feminists, the critical race theorists, the homosexual rights activists and other practitioners of identity politics—Kennedy's leftist allies—want to extend the domain of rights to cover the activities that they consider essential to their identity. Kennedy will have none of this. He rejects "with equal intensity ... leftist righteousness (whether in the mode of post-Marxist 'systematicity' or of identity politics) ... [and] the compromises of left liberalism." By "systematicity," he means grand historical causal theories, such as the Marxist theory once propounded by Morton Horwitz that American common law assumed the shape it did in the nineteenth century in order to promote capitalism; but he also means efforts to go beyond critique to "reconstruction," that is, to putting something in the place of whatever edifice the critique has just demolished.

His relentless critiquing places Kennedy at the tip of a thin branch. Since he will have no truck with systems of thought, his leftism is unsystematic, untheorized, piecemeal. It is related to anarchism ("we study state power to resist it, not to seize it"), but it is informed by a hostility to all large institutions, not just to government. In fact, the line between public and private has no significance for Kennedy. Although not a Marxist, he especially dislikes corporations, and so he is much taken with union militancy and worker ownership. This, like his invocation of the "masses," gives his leftism an archaic cast. (In this respect he resembles Rorty, who is *still* talking about the "oligarchy" and the "bosses.") It is also another reason why Kennedy does not like rights: the emphasis on them has caused the left to abandon the project dear to Kennedy's heart, the project of representing an oppressed majority—the working class. There are oppressed people in this country, but they are not the majority, especially not the majority of working people.

Kennedy is more explicit about the "modernism-postmodernism" strain in his ideology. "Mpm is the search for intense experience in the interstices of a disrupted rational grid. The characteristic vehicle is a transgressive artifact or performance that 'shatters' the forms of 'proper' expression in order to express something that those forms suppressed." The goal is to induce "the modernist emotions associated with the death of reason—ecstasy, irony, depression, and so forth." It is a goal that exposes how remote Kennedy has grown from anything that might be thought relevant to practical politics and legal reform.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yet Kennedy is not a skeptic or a nihilist. When he says that he is "hostile to rightness in all its forms," he doesn't mean that he thinks there are no right answers to legal questions—a denial that would be inconsistent with his recognition that legal materials do constrain judges. "The experience of core meanings survives the loss of its metaphysical grounding." The polite word for what Kennedy is talking about is pragmatism, and "pragmatist" is indeed one of his own self-descriptions (though not his favorite, since it puts one in mind of dull sticks such as Dewey).

Pragmatism holds, among other things, that people will not re-examine a deeply held belief unless you shake them hard enough to make them doubt, which you can do by a relentless intellectual assault on the foundations of their belief, or by confronting them with violent or disturbing images or metaphors that loosen their cultural and emotional moorings sufficiently to "convert" them to a new perspective. Abstract art does not argue that representation is inessential to art. It does not proceed rationally at all. Instead it presents a nonrepresentational image which, operating as a "transgressive artifact," may incite us to reconsider our notion of what art is. Kennedy's book does not give examples of the legal counterpart of abstract art, but the choice of analogy is significant. Maybe Kennedy's subtitle is apt after all, and all that we are being treated to in this book is a politically irrelevant aestheticism.

Kennedy's "mpm" is more colorful, certainly, than the usual descriptions of pragmatism. He calls it "elitist as well as elite," the "revenge of the nerds," "driven by aggression" and "exhibitionism.... It aims to *épater les bourgeois* (rather than to nationalize their property), in the modes of aggression and exhibitionism described above. It presupposes the superiority of mpm, the 'right' of mpm performers to hurt the audience, as well as to induce ecstasy and depression, in the name of higher values accessible to the artist/performer and 'good for' the audience (while commonly denying—defensively and hypocritically—that it cares at all about audience reaction)." It is what used to be called avant-gardism, a kind of intellectual bohemianism. Yet the book itself is not a transgressive artifact. It is systematic (indeed, it is taxonomic), unaggressive, and only slightly exhibitionistic, as when Kennedy says that "I most of the time consider myself to be at heart a 'good boy,' though rebellious and disrespectful." (That "most of the time" is a little ominous, though.)

You can see why the good boy and the practitioners of identity politics don't have much use for each other. Kennedy supports most of their proposals, except that he over-supports them. He argues for rigid racial quotas, but identity politicians avoid the word "quota" like the plague. Those most offended by "mpm," he conjectures, are neither liberals nor conservatives; they are the leaders of oppressed groups, who, themselves highly educated and upwardly mobile, embrace anti-elitism as "the price they pay for their roles as leaders." It is a price that Kennedy is not willing to pay. Does the Harvard populist want to strip the masses of their anti-elitism so that they may learn ecstasy and depression?

Kennedy's leftism works at cross-purposes with his mpm (he acknowledges this), producing what he calls "Pink Theory" (in the lingo of the Russian Revolution, neither Red nor White). Pink is a restful color, and Pink Theory is a formula for political quietism (which is fine by me). Kennedy repeatedly and accurately describes his brand of critical legal studies as "viral," conjuring up the image of HIV or a computer virus, agents of voracious destruction. Internal critique eats up liberal legalism, one plank of which is the rule-of-law virtues—an impartial judiciary, a government of laws not men. Kennedy acknowledges that it isn't absurd to claim that "we crits are naïvely willing to play with fire by questioning a central pillar of humane politics in the modern age of barbarism.... The securely centrist, first peripheral and then imperial, but continentally isolated American political culture has provided a Galapagos-like enclave for bizarre intellectual mutations." Viral critique also eats up identity politics and leftist righteousness generally, leaving only a little room for leftist "resistance."

In the description of legal education and practice with which the book ends, law school is seen as inducting the student into bad faith, teaching him that he must always submerge awareness of strategic behavior designed to advance an ideological agenda "in a necessitarian discourse that everyone knows is only part of the story." The student who keeps his wits about him and avoids lapsing into bad faith may be able when he goes into practice or becomes a judge "to set up a political identity to the left of liberal bad faith, without being or seeming to be a wrecker." He will be a secret left-radical ideologue, boring from within. (So won't he be in bad faith?)

But there won't be many of them, if they take Kennedy's book to heart.

Linda Kerber on Women & History

Toward an Intellectual History of Women

Essays by Linda K. Kerber

"This collection documents the radical rewriting of our past by women's historians in the last two decades and discloses Linda Kerber's signal part in that paradigm shift. . . . This volume is thus at once a fascinating record of an academic field and a compelling autobiography of an individual mind."
—Robert Gross, College of William and Mary

"Subtle, lucid, learned: these essays show why Linda Kerber is our leading historian of American women and ideas."—Suzanne Lebsock, University of Washington

352 pp. $49.95 cloth / $18.95 paper
Gender & American Culture

Back in paper from UNC Press

Women of the Republic

Intellect and Ideology in Revolutionary America
Linda K. Kerber

"A major contribution to the history of American ideas."—Gerda Lerner, *Washington Post*

"Kerber's beautifully illustrated book makes for a more profound understanding of women's past."—Pauline Maier, *New York Times Book Review*

"A distinguished contribution to our understanding of the American Revolution as a continuing, never completed, movement for equality."—Richard B. Morris, Columbia University

318 pp., 36 illus. $12.95 paper
Published for the Omohundro Institute of Early American History & Culture, Williamsburg, Virginia

at bookstores or by toll-free order

The University of North Carolina Press

75 years

Chapel Hill
Phone (800) 848-6224, Fax (800) 272-6817
http://sunsite.unc.edu/uncpress/

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ungrounded leftism is not a fighting faith. Kennedy concedes the stability of the American political system and the inefficacy of academic critique to bring about political change. And if policy argument, left or right, is indeterminate and interminable, then there isn't even a vocabulary in which to justify leftist solutions to social or legal problems.

So finally Kennedy is a kind of faux radical. He has painted himself into a corner in which all he can do is mouth the populist slogans of a vanished era. Having acknowledged that judges frequently are constrained rather than free, he has surrendered the claim that law is ideology, retreating to the more modest claim that law has a lot of ideology in it—a claim exaggerated in his book by his unsupported belief that law is never stabilized by appeals to policy.

I don't doubt that some law professors are in a state of bad faith, that they may be half-aware that their arguments that some right or other is "in" the Constitution are spurious; but I have never met a *judge* who had this kind of queasiness. The reason is simple. For a judge, the duty to decide the case is paramount. He wouldn't be doing his duty if he said, "I can't decide this case, because I can't deduce the outcome from the orthodox materials of judicial decision-making." He decides as best he can, and in doing this he is doing law. For law is, among other things, the activity of judges in deciding cases.

It is true that the judge is not likely to be fully candid, in writing an opinion in a difficult case, about the degree to which he has had to rely on policy or personal values to decide the case, though Kennedy exaggerates when he says that judges always try to cast their decisions in a rhetoric of necessity or inevitability. (Later he retracts, by denying that he is "saying that all judges deny the role of ideology," though that is what he said, in the passage I quoted earlier.) But the lack of complete candor in a judicial opinion, as in any public document, especially an official one, is generally not hypocrisy or bad faith. There is a role for tact in public life. A judicial opinion is not a confessional document or a cri de coeur. A judicial opinion has to be acceptable both to the legal community and to the larger community that is affected by what judges do, and many of the members of both communities believe, in perfectly good faith, though erroneously, that legal materials are sufficient to resolve even the most difficult cases. (Those are the judges, by the way, who are most likely to be unconstrained activists. Hugo Black was a prime example.)

I keep coming back to Kennedy's lack of belief in the possibility of cogent policy analysis. It is the error that in the end undoes him. The unsentimental (and unironic, unecstatic, and undepressed) legal pragmatist on the bench admits that in difficult cases he cannot bridge the gap between the formal materials of the law and a sensible outcome without doing policy, and so he rolls up his sleeves and does policy, hoping that the bar or the academy will provide him with the resources for making sensible policy analysis. The pragmatist such as Duncan Kennedy, the one who thinks that the only thing you can do with an appeal to policy is to hide your ideology in it, has no resources for deciding a case, or advocating a policy change, in a way that will persuade the undecided. He is left stranded in the rubble of his transgressive artifacts.

RICHARD A. POSNER is Chief Judge, United States Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit, and a Senior Lecturer at the University of Chicago Law School.

The Tramp Rush

BY ANNE HOLLANDER

Charlie Chaplin and His Times by Kenneth S. Lynn

(Simon and Schuster, 604 pp., $35)

By the end of 1919, when he was 30, Charlie Chaplin had already been internationally recognized as a unique cultural event—rather like Hitler, as Kenneth Lynn several times points out in this biography. Many other unique phenomena of the period, such as George Bernard Shaw and Nijinsky, soon hastened to welcome him into their company; and Hitler himself may well have trimmed his mustache to match Chaplin's, as Proust is also said to have done.

Chaplin rose to such a high level of international fame in just five years, from appearing in vulgar comic film shorts for Mack Sennett in 1914 to making his own personal brand of tragicomic movie in his own studio as a co-founder and co-owner of United Artists. In the spring of 1915, while working for Essanay Film Company, Chaplin had crystallized his film image for all time in a short called *The Tramp,* to the degree that later on, even if he played the part of a prospector, a waiter, a janitor, a pawnbroker's assistant or a fireman, those roles were plainly only disguises for the essential tramp character he really was, the true Charlie whom the world delighted to honor. His film costumes might vary according to circumstance, but some version of the too-tight coat, too-loose pants, too-big shoes, bowler hat and cane were the gear that the Charlie personage always assumed when he was being himself, uncoerced by the provisional plot. With these accoutrements went the subtle semi-clown makeup that never concealed but only emphasized the play of his face.

The image-fixing year 1915 was the first in which he was hailed as a "genius"; but by 1919, working completely on his own, he was commanding respect as an "artist." Chaplin has been called both ever since, but without ever losing the further attribute of being a sort of cultural marvel, not your usual brand of artistic genius. By 1925, Chaplin was the most famous man in the whole world, known by name and face to more people than were all heads of state, notorious criminals, or other celebrated performers.

And that, of course, was because of the movies, the silent movies, that were instantly affecting and intelligible everywhere. Chaplin's rise mirrored their rise, the tightening of their complicated grip on public feelings at every level at which visual art operates. Institutional distrust and dislike of Chaplin were also connected to a distrust of cinema itself, its possibilities for uncontrollable indecency, for unlimited propaganda, for unaccountable emotional sway over millions. The force in movies, and the amount of money to be made from them, were alike staggering to the American public; and at the same time the quality and the variety of artistry possible to them was a growing revelation to aesthetic understanding all over the world. Chaplin seemed to embody it all at once: insouciance, vulgarity, neediness, laughter, tears, the link between heartbreak and what we have come to call "grosses."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thomas Mann and many other writers (Edmund Wilson, John Peale Bishop, Somerset Maugham, H.G. Wells), along with many great dancers and musicians and the odd scholar and scientist, were entranced by Chaplin and his films, as they were not by most other film people and theirs. The same was true of the society ladies and gentlemen and the political stars who took him up on both sides of the Atlantic. Chaplin did love all forms of high life and felt he belonged in them, as many movie people did not. The character of The Tramp obviously did, too, with his tattered courtesy and refined sensibilities forever intact in a universe of squalor and violence.

Despite the general adulation from creative folk, though, painters were noticeably not numerous among Chaplin's admirers. Picasso, for one, had no use for Chaplin's blend of sentimental pathos and crude comedy, though he is reported to have said that it might appeal to Chagall. In fact, although Chaplin was the acknowledged genius of a potent new visual art, the strictly pictorial capacities of the medium did not interest him. Chaplin is known for resisting the formal possibilities of cinema that Keaton was to explore; and he caused much pain to later associates with his obtuseness about camera technique. Chaplin wanted the camera for personal drama only, as if cinema were a pure extension of the stage and had no heritage in the history of art. Lynn himself is clearly uninterested in what might be called the illustrated history of America: the paintings, the prints and the engravings that perpetually created American visual expectations and enabled the movies from the beginning.

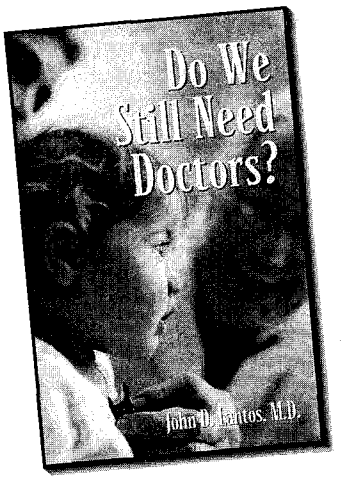
Some of Chaplin's personal success among so many people with serious pretensions was undoubtedly due to the clever fusion of the screen character with the man himself, something that Chaplin seems to have encouraged by displaying his acting techniques in social situations. He did it with versions of the clowning, flirting, mimicking, dancing, extemporizing and improvising that the beloved Tramp did, to keep the company in stitches and earn their exhausted gratitude, to play the true court fool with absolute license. "Charming" was the universal society word for him; and in the years of his rise "modest" and "unassuming" were also words that the reporters who interviewed him used about him, along with "hard-working"—the whole Horatio Alger list, in keeping with his well-known Humble Origins (vaguely Dickensian) and Successful Career, the rags-to-riches tale that needs a good boy for its hero. Later in life Chaplin could

"A personal look at the most personal profession."*

" John Lantos not only shows why society needs doctors; he also shows doctors how to be the kinds of people society needs."
—Arthur W. Frank, Author of *At the Will of the Body* and *The Wounded Storyteller*

"In describing its moral conflicts Lantos does for the practice of pediatrics what Verghese did for AIDS in My Own Country."
—Steven A. Schroeder,* M.D., President, The Robert Wood Johnson Foundation

"A disturbing, often painful examination of a profession in transition."
— Kirkus Reviews

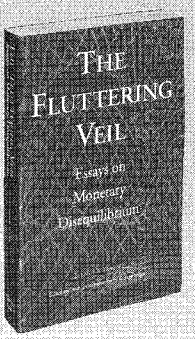


"What makes this book most refreshing is Dr. Lantos's willingness to examine his own feelings, values, and motives with frank honesty. The book includes family experiences and patient experiences from Lantos's own life and medical career, and Lantos reflects on these stories with candor."
—Wendy Levinson, M.D., President, Society for General Internal Medicine

AT FINE BOOKSTORES
or call (800) 634-7064
http://www.routledge.com/routledge.html
ROUTLEDGE

Essays on Economics and Liberty

THE FLUTTERING VEIL
ESSAYS ON MONETARY DISEQUILIBRIUM
By Leland B. Yeager
Introduction by George Selgin



For three decades economist Leland Yeager has extolled the preeminent importance of money as a source of economic fluctuations whose influence goes well beyond mere changes in interest rates or the price level. His work discloses the disruptive consequences of "monetary disequilibrium"—that is, an imbalance of money supply and money demand. Consequently, he argues that well-designed monetary arrangements and policies are important to the success of any free-market economic system; and, that defects in the existing monetary arrangements in "capitalist" countries are manifestly not inherent in capitalism but are "alterable consequences" of the misguided interventions of government. In his Introduction to Yeager's eighteen essays, Professor George Selgin explains why "our understanding of the monetary foundations of a free society owes a great deal to the writings of Leland Yeager."

441 + xxi pages. Introduction, index.

Hardcover	$18.50	0-86597-145-5
Paperback	$ 9.50	0-86597-146-3

Call 800-955-8335
Fax 317-579-6060
or write:
Liberty Fund INC.
We pay UPS shipping on prepaid orders.

8335 Allison Pointe Trail, Suite 300,
Dept. TNR7, Indianapolis, IN 46250

Explore Liberty Fund's catalogue on the World Wide Web at
www.Libertyfund.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no longer be called modest, but he repeatedly proved that active narcissism is immensely compelling.

Chaplin's international social rise was made possible by another great cultural change manifest in the breakdown of the old social categories after the Great War—the same breakdown that facilitated the career of Gabrielle Chanel during the same period. In the century just past, elegant society did not dine with comedians or dressmakers or violinists no matter how famous, or invite them to weekends at country houses. In the first third of this century, however, celebrities of all kinds began to mingle on terms of unprecedented equality, in a fluid mélange then called Café Society. The couturière or the film comedian, if they were "charming," could now sit around the swimming pool or play tennis or dine in evening dress with the Duchess and the Prince, along with an assortment of financiers and artists, promising politicians and performers, not all of them of known pedigree nor exactly honest. Hollywood had become a center of just such heady new mixtures, but they existed in many capital cities, and they were as exciting for the participants as movies were for the world.

The young Chaplin clearly worked hard at being constantly loved by any audience, journalists included, displaying his most acceptable self both on and off the screen, determined to seduce and to captivate everybody. Yet companions of his early years in show business, before he was a star, had often found him somber, irritable and inclined to solitude; since early boyhood he had been trained to sell himself to audiences, not to be genial to comrades. Most of his unrelenting work on films went into perfecting his own irresistible screen appearances in every detail: the bodily comportment and facial gestures, the perfect imitations both delicate and exaggerated of conventional behavior, the pathos, the irreverence, the appealing discomfiture, the dance, the walk, above all the timing. Once he became a public figure, all this could serve as well in off-screen life, and many came to feel that he was never not acting. So Chaplin had formidable inward demons to contend with, like other creative souls who arrange their public behavior as a continuous performance.

Kenneth Lynn's biography concentrates on the man in his era rather than in his art, except where the art illuminates both man and epoch. Lynn is most interested in the dark side, in the demons that gave Chaplin his well-known divided nature, his personal behavior both adorable and horrible, his movies both tacky and sublime. Apart from the objective greatness of Chaplin's films, which was largely the product of his carefully applied artistry, their most insistent power over people's feelings came from the uncontrolled operation of Chaplin's own unconscious, of which Lynn wants to discover the secrets, if only to fit him into the collective American psyche during its own Modern Times. He gives an absorbing explanation of late-nineteenth-century America's extreme loathing for tramps, for example, and he tells how that feeling about them later changed from fear and disgust to a romantic sort of envy and affection. With the help of quotations from Peter Stallybrass and Allon White's *The Politics and Poetics of Transgression*, Lynn reflects on how society marks out and expels certain things as Low, or Other, which nevertheless "return as the object of nostalgia and fascination." The stage, the slum and the savage are some other examples.

Tramps had become an ugly national phenomenon during the five years of economic depression after the Panic of 1873, when thousands of homeless men wandered over the country begging, stealing, vandalizing and worse. They came to be inveighed against as "incorrigible" and "depraved," truly base and hateful outcasts. By the 1890s, the worst depression of the nineteenth century had set in, and there were many more of them, more fear, and the crystallized belief that The Tramp was a generic figure of horror. He was used as a terrifying villain by sensational playwrights, and by D.W. Griffith in a film in 1909.

But a countercurrent of sympathy also served to render the figure comic after the turn of the century, so that tramps were also appearing as characters in printed cartoons and vaudeville skits; and Jack London had added an element of romance to the image of the tramp with lyrical reminiscences of his own spell of vagrancy during the '90s. By 1912, prosperity had in fact begun to alleviate the real problem. In that year Chaplin was already on his second tour in America with a London acting troupe, absorbing the conflicting emotional flavors then prevalent about tramps. In 1914, already at work in America, he would have learned that a large number of tramps had apparently been radicalized by political agitators and were creating violent disturbances, among them a bombing in a church.

Chaplin's screen persona in 1915 made him seem the tramps' advocate in a world openly hostile to them. Was this, asks Lynn, the beginning of his interest in championing the "wretched of the earth"? Chaplin's Tramp was eventually caught up in a general shift of feeling, and helped to tease out a secret American tenderness for the tramp's benign and superior form of lawlessness, the freedom from tight shoes and tight morals that

CHARLIE CHAPLIN BY DAVID SCHORR FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

also fitted him for generous gestures and Robin-Hood-like adventures, even if they came comically or pathetically to ruin and exposed him as forever vulnerable.

Lynn is aware that there have already been hundreds of books on Chaplin, and obviously he felt that there were some things he need not do. This volume has neither a chronology nor a filmography, since those are to be found in David Robinson's biography of 1985. Nor has Lynn given us a separate bibliography; the sources are incorporated into the notes, so we can't check quickly on whether he's used a particular one, since they are not indexed either. But these are small, technical irritations. The point is that Lynn is not aiming to be definitive, but to fit his own book into the mosaic of Chaplin studies as an idiosyncratic critical contribution, especially with respect to tone and emphasis.

The tone is quite censorious, no doubt to counteract others' tendency to canonize Chaplin. The primary emphasis is psychological, however, and it allows for sympathy; and the remaining emphasis is sociological and literary. Lynn steadily relies on works of literature and cultural criticism contemporary with Chaplin's early career and from the preceding generation or two, in an effort to gauge America's sense of its own soul during the time it was preparing for the Chaplin phenomenon.

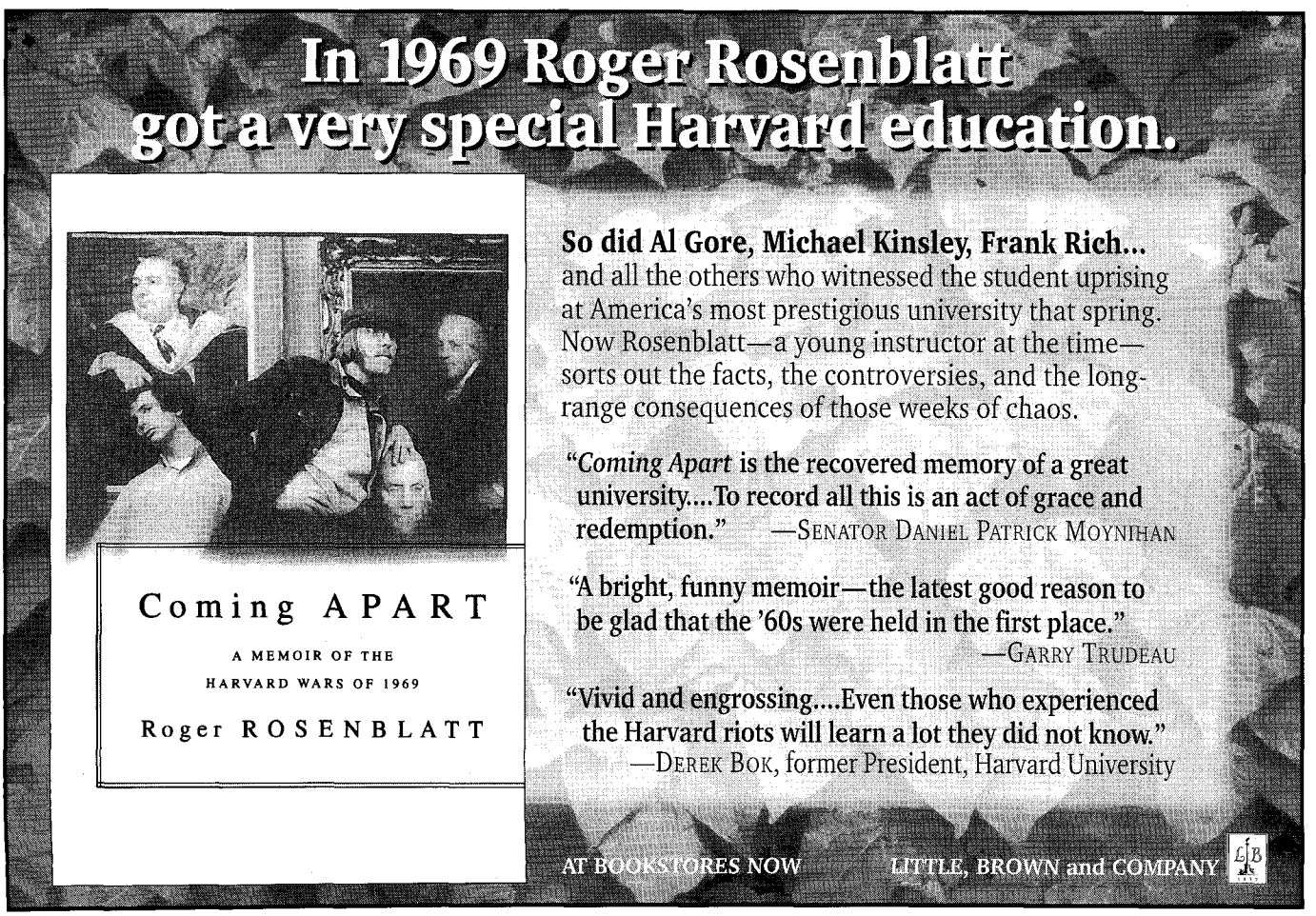
One aspect of this he finds manifest in the numerous and very popular female impersonators on the vaudeville stage since the 1880s. This situation underlay Chaplin's great triumph with drag acting in his early comedies, notably *A Woman* of 1915, a film so erotically campy that it was banned in Sweden. Lynn finds background for all this—and for Chaplin's swift rise to fame, insofar as it was due to his strong and ambiguous sexual appeal—in, of all things, Walter Lippmann's *Drift and Mastery*, which appeared in 1914 and treated what Lippmann perceived as the breakdown, already occurring before 1910, of traditional relations between men and women. Lippmann wrote that

> ... Man's sexual nature is chaotic through the immense change that has come into the relations of parent and child, husband and wife. Those changes distract him so deeply that the more "advanced" he is, the more he flounders in the bogs of his own soul.

And later, about the period after 1910, America "was being blown hither and thither like litter before the wind." Lots of drift, not much mastery. On the subject of sexual confusion, Lynn himself notes the direct effect of stage female impersonators on the stage style of Mae West, as others have done; her career in show business began about the same time Chaplin began in films.

Lynn is not only a student of American mores and attitudes, he is also a history professor. He has allowed himself to thicken the book's historical dimension with digressive accounts of the lives and the personalities of many subsidiary characters on the international scene of Chaplin's career, so that, all told, there is much more here than we need. Still, it is good to learn how cruel and brutal the American comic theater had been for generations, and its audience, too. The British comic stage of Chaplin's boyhood, on the other hand, had been loved and patronized by upper-class gentlemen and celebrated writers and painters as well as by the working class, and its themes were often artfully comic expressions of working-class discontent. Sennett's comic films with Chaplin simply continued with normal American brutality and nastiness to suit a crude public, until the comic film medium, with immigrant Charlie as chief exponent, was enriched and leavened with real feeling and finesse without sacrificing its potent old grossness. And then the American writers and gentlemen paid attention.

Lynn's earlier biographical books have been about William Dean Howells, Mark


In 1969 Roger Rosenblatt got a very special Harvard education.
Coming APART
A MEMOIR OF THE HARVARD WARS OF 1969
Roger ROSENBLATT
So did Al Gore, Michael Kinsley, Frank Rich...
and all the others who witnessed the student uprising at America's most prestigious university that spring. Now Rosenblatt—a young instructor at the time—sorts out the facts, the controversies, and the long-range consequences of those weeks of chaos.
"Coming Apart is the recovered memory of a great university....To record all this is an act of grace and redemption." —SENATOR DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN
"A bright, funny memoir—the latest good reason to be glad that the '60s were held in the first place." —GARRY TRUDEAU
"Vivid and engrossing....Even those who experienced the Harvard riots will learn a lot they did not know." —DEREK BOK, former President, Harvard University
AT BOOKSTORES NOW
LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Twain and Ernest Hemingway (the last two also wearing jovial masks to hide dark souls), and he repeatedly refers to Chaplin's work as "poetry," meaning, presumably, American poetry. He seems to imply that Chaplin's oeuvre has a natural family relationship to the works not only of Whitman and Melville, but also undoubtedly of Bret Harte and James Whitcomb Riley, of Edwin Markham and Ogden Nash. Lynn makes no reference to these; but he is patently entranced by Chaplin as an example of the variability and the waywardness of American taste and American style, its volatile combinations of original madness and serious hilarity, extreme crudity and rare delicacy, pretentious nonsense and hardness of head. He does mention Hart Crane, whose "Chaplinesque" is quoted in its entirety.

Chaplin was not an American. He wasn't born here, he didn't die here, he was never a citizen, and he lived in Switzerland for the last twenty-five years of his life, more than a third of his long career. He underwent his entire education and formation in London, and the unalterable core of his art was the tradition of the English music-hall pantomime, along with the deep memories of his English music-hall mother and his own early work on the English stage. But for his "poetry," of course, this all made him more American than being a native ever could. Chaplin is an American artist the way Balanchine is, a transplanted talent more robust and inventive here than he could ever have been back home, and much, much more successful. Chaplin's British accent had no existence, of course, in silent film. His movies made him famous as an entirely American comedian, with no perceived links to British sources at all.

The American professional scene on which Chaplin arrived and flourished soon included the novel requirement that movie stars be respectable. The theater had long been accepted as a raffish universe at every level, never a career for the virtuous. The demanding schedule that made normal life impossible, the backstage world and the long tours that fostered questionable intimacies, the commitment to constant falsity, the emotional strain and excess—everything about stage life traditionally led to occasions for sin, and people expected stage actors, serious or comic, to be amoral. It was very important, however, not to allow the huge American movie public to expect amorality from movie actors. If the stars were known to be depraved, people might stay away from movies as many did from theaters. It had to be emphasized that movies were made by the ordinary rules for work, with everyone quitting at the end of the day to go home for family dinner, and that movie stars were naturally home-loving and God-fearing, just like everybody else, only more so. To succeed in films, Chaplin would have to create and to maintain this fiction about himself, as all film actors did after early scandals had caused boycotts that seriously hurt the budding business.

One of the ways Chaplin did it was to create a respectable past for himself, with only respectable demons in it. Lynn critically examines Chaplin's *My Autobiography* (1964) mainly with a view to unraveling the gauze of romance that Chaplin was still drawing over early grim facts and feelings, even at that late date. Lynn the historian, by checking on the addresses at which they lived and when, painstakingly disproves Chaplin's insistence that he and his family lived in abject poverty, subsisting on his mother's sewing and her two sons' jobs in the theater. He also establishes pretty firmly that Chaplin's lovely and loving mother was, after an unsuccessful stage career, a kept woman and a part-time prostitute, and that he himself was not the son of his alleged father. Hetty Chaplin also went gradually insane, intermittently imposing unspeakable emotional burdens on little Charlie, and was ultimately institutionalized when he was about 14. Chaplin clearly never forgave her, nor himself, for being unable to rescue her from her life and her madness.

The thread of Lynn's story is the track of that whorish, spangled, dancing, and unbearably abandoning mother through Chaplin's career, on screen and off. Twice his movie star's need to look decent forced him to marry girls whom he had seduced and impregnated and would have preferred to abandon. He had a chronic, reckless hatred of contraception, wanting to be absolute master of all sexual circumstances, often telling girls not to worry, he couldn't have children. He loved very, very young and slightly hysterical girls, whom he would cast in show-business roles where they might wear dancer's costumes like his mother's, and whom he could help, master, mistreat and then feel mistreated by. Eventually, he was a tyrannical father and the demanding, inconsiderate husband of submissive Oona O'Neill, whom Lynn sees as delivering a vengeful slap at her own disapproving and abandoning father, Eugene, by succumbing to his near-exact and notorious contemporary.

Chaplin couldn't really stay out of trouble despite his conscious efforts to charm and manipulate the world, and he seems to have been as amoral as they come. Lynn not only compares him to Hitler, of whom he really was the exact contemporary (they were born four days apart), but points also to his obsession with Napoleon (Chaplin was very short), and his abiding need to be rebellious, dominating, and right all the time. Chaplin wished to defy oppressive institutions, but mainly so as to establish himself as oppressor-in-chief. As Lynn's account proceeds, it becomes more and more heavily laden with tales of Chaplin's bad behavior, his cruelty not only to many girls and other intimates, but also to the workmen on his Swiss house, to secretaries, to collaborators and cameramen who tried to intervene when Chaplin's sovereign rightness was clearly wrong. And his wickedness went further. After doing a scene holding a cat that unexpectedly scratched him, Chaplin didn't replace the cat; he had it killed and stuffed for the next take.

Lynn wants very much to emphasize that "moral turpitude," not Communist leanings, was the grounds on which Chaplin was finally denied re-entry into the United States in 1952, despite the widespread belief that he had been hounded

Gift

No wind in the world, everything still as a mirror
but facing away from you where you walk
head down, following the tracks in the sand that
are all that's left of the nightstalkers, ghosts now
gone underground with their hunger, hoping dusk
comes soon. Nothing to be seen or heard, the sea
not making the slightest ripple, vacant acres of glass
paving a way to islands which are light blue chimera
adrift on rafts of white mist—as if they were
low clouds, things of light and air only. So it's a gift
to come in the middle of the dunes upon a dark pool
with plant life thriving in it, and to find—to your tongue's
infinite surprise—sweet water under its skin of ice.

EAMON GRENNAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out of the country for his politics. He had just been involved in a long and extremely sordid sexual scandal, which was only the most vivid of a sequence including both his divorces. Then, too, there had been a case of tax evasion. Lynn is an inexorable judge. He even follows the reach of Chaplin's badness beyond the grave, describing the wreck of Oona's widowed life as a wild-spending, boy-chasing drunk, once she lost her taxing, long-term job as Chaplin's slave.

Chaplin's famous and persistent left-wing political affiliation had differing effects according to the historical moment, and was another thing that he painted over in his autobiography. He was part of the Red Hollywood group in the 1930s, but he seems to have identified very generally with workers and the dispossessed, rather than being very precisely aware of Soviet policy and activity. He praised the purges as healthy cleansing devices—another bit that he deleted from his own account. It was alleged by one reviewer of the autobiography that Chaplin's pro-Soviet activism mainly showed the desire of an ill-educated man to get accepted as an intellectual, to hobnob with Bertolt Brecht and Hanns Eisler so as not to get stuck with Marion Davies.

Chaplin's public political remarks were always rather woolly, though they were delivered at very specifically Communist events; and sometimes they were near-echoes of actual Communist rhetoric at its most bland. But when quizzed about his own exact loyalties, he would always say, I am a human being, not a Communist; or I am an artist, not a Communist; or I am a peace-monger. Although it was stated in 1952 by a former Communist District Organizer that in the 1930s Chaplin had been a loyal Party member-at-large, taking orders directly from the Central Committee, no sufficient evidence supported the claim. Lynn himself has latterly found no trace of Chaplin after pursuing inquiries in Moscow, and he allows us to conclude that the claim was false.

Chaplin eventually gave up discussing politics altogether, seemingly with relief, as if he had never really been seriously interested. It is true that he loved to be loved by intellectuals and to feel he was one of them; he carried Schopenhauer around with him, and Spengler, too, reading bits and pieces without much system. His critics on the left said that he "lacked ideological discipline," or indeed that he was the "accomplice of Capitalism in decline." He certainly lived very high and spent all his spare time with millionaires, intellectual or no.

The great artistic crisis in Chaplin's career was the advent of sound dialogue, which quickly sent all movie-making back to square one. Chaplin's cinematic sensibility, born of pantomime, was wholly bound up in the medium of powerful visual drama supported only by apt music. Dialogue might be part of the performance—people might be seen to speak—but the actual words conveyed should be minimal, easily compressed in short captions. This method works perfectly, as all true movie-lovers know, and the many hundreds of movies based on it had thirty years of galloping success behind them. But the bottom line finally won out. In 1926, the last year of entirely silent film, 50 million people a week went to the movies in America. In 1930, the first year of the total dominance of sound, 90 million a week went. So that was that.

Chaplin nevertheless finished *City Lights* in 1931 using no sound dialogue at all. It was his last silent feature with the full-time Tramp, but the Worker in *Modern Times* bears a close resemblance to him—and no wonder, since that film also had no sound dialogue even in 1936, the year of *Romeo and Juliet*, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, *The Petrified Forest* and *Show Boat*. Chaplin was not going to give in easily, and he made the point in *Modern Times* by singing a highly communicative song made entirely of nonsense syllables. Meanwhile, in off-screen life, Chaplin's own utterances began to veer toward the homily or the harangue, to the point where he was lecturing Ramsay McDonald on domestic policy and Albert Einstein on economics. Unfortunately, so did his utterances when he finally spoke in his movies. Speechifying was his mode in *The Great Dictator*, *Monsieur Verdoux*, *Limelight*. But his best acting was still being done with the face and body and the inspired use of whatever props came to hand.

Chaplin was certainly aware of the flaws in many of his movies, though he had to believe that each was his greatest while it was being made. His true judgment is confirmed by his belief that *The Gold Rush* of 1925 was the best of them all, and the one he would like to be remembered by. It was made at the peak of his fame, and he worked to make it great. He shot 231,000 feet for a finished cut that was 8,498 feet long. Following Lynn's insight about Chaplin, the story seems to be the only one to fulfill his lifelong dream of saving and having his forever vanishing mother, not without great pain and risk but with ultimate success, and with a fortune to ratify the emotional triumph.

The cinematography and the direction, often uneven in Chaplin's films, have great harmony in *The Gold Rush*. There is a finely tempered interplay among the hot dance-hall crowds, the tiny people in the perilous snowy spaces, the outsider-looking-in moments, and the comedy-in-the-cabin routines, of which there are some in other movies but none better than in this one. None of the gags goes on too long, as they often do in earlier films such as *A Dog's Life*; none is too nasty or too grotesque.

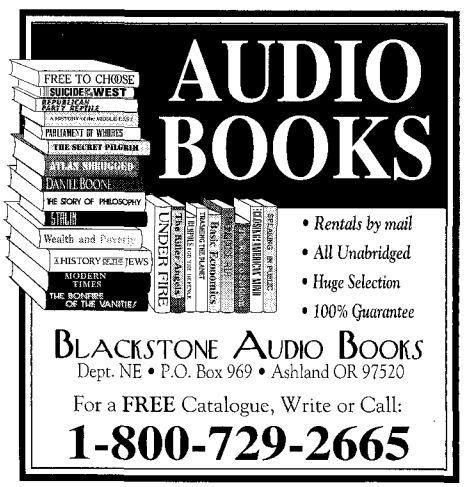
As a showcase for The Tramp's soul, *The Gold Rush* is perfect. He can prevail in the most inimical surroundings imaginable, not the grim city or the harsh army but the impersonal frozen waste, laced with hidden gold, that can turn anxious, lonely, greedy people into beasts charging around the cage of their isolated little mining town. The lovely dance-hall girl whom Charlie secretly adores is repeatedly offended by the crudity of her steady admirer, but she is ready to settle for him out of boredom, until the real love she sees in the little tramp's heart opens her eyes to the possibility of finer things, and she rebuffs the hunk. But the tramp has vanished to find his gold-mine, and he only returns to sail home a silk-hatted if still love-hungry millionaire. The two

You Will Not Taste Death
Jesus and Epicureanism

Author Jack Hannah demonstrates why the sayings of Jesus in the recently discovered Gospel of Thomas are chronological and authentic, not corrupt as are those in the Bible. This new evidence reveals a historical, not mythical, Jesus -- a Jesus who held essentially Epicurean (e.g. "You will not taste death"), not Judaic, philosophy. (At a time when Epicureanism did not mean self-indulgence, but concrete realism.) 321pp.pbk, $12 postpaid. *Frank Publishing*, 1816 Springmill Road, Mansfield, OH 44903-8907

GOVERNMENT FORECLOSED HOMES FOR
pennies on $1. Delinquent Tax, Repo's, REO's. Your Area.

Call Toll Free: 1-800-898-4377
Ext. H-4377 for current listings



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meet again by a fluke on the homebound steamer, and they are affianced within minutes, as if by a dispensation from Venus, with Charlie still playing the tramp (dressed in "his mining clothes" only for the publicity photo) so we know that she really loves him for himself, even though she quickly learns about the millions.

The movie is peppered with famous comic scenes, of Charlie turning into a big chicken in the eyes of his famished partner, of Charlie and partner in the teetering cabin, of Charlie doing the dance with the rolls, cooking and eating the shoe, waltzing attached to the dog; and finally millionaire Charlie. Here we have a glimpse of the high-life Chaplin, as he walks with suave grace in his fur-collared coat, treating servants with understated aplomb, his face handsome with muted melancholy, really looking for all the world like Proust. But he still unthinkingly scratches himself and picks up cigarette butts, and he removes his smoothly cut cloth coat only to reveal another whole fur coat underneath.

At certain moments in this movie, as also in *City Lights*, we can see Chaplin seem to stop acting and just quietly feel passion or anguish; and that appears to be his secret. We are all his at those moments, drawn by the erotic pull of strong male feeling intensified by helpless infantile and feminine need, held inactive in a limbo of despair. At the immensely satisfying end of this film, Charlie's pure sexuality has conquered the girl, the gold, the adversity. The force of true love incarnated in his mobile and infinitely resourceful body has proved irresistible. And so his mother has rejected her men and her dementia and come back to him at last.

After 1952, Chaplin lived in splendor in Switzerland, playing himself as a king in exile. Lynn nevertheless finds evidence that he had long been meaning to go and live in Europe at the time he sailed over for the London premiere of *Limelight*, even if he hadn't been prevented from returning to the States. Both the American public and the American government had turned savagely against him during his long double trial resulting from Joan Barry's false paternity accusation; and he ultimately turned against them, especially as the McCarthy convulsions continued. A generation later, Americans had forgotten everything about him but his work, and in 1972 he was invited back to receive an Academy Award and other honors, and to accept a devoted public's irreversible love for the immortal Tramp. He was, of course, delighted to come.

ANNE HOLLANDER is the author most recently of *Sex and Suits* (Knopf).

The Penitent

BY CLARE CAVANAGH

Aleksander Wat: Life and Art of an Iconoclast by Tomas Venclova

(Yale University Press, 369 pp., $35)

"All poets," Marina Tsvetaeva once proclaimed, "can be divided into poets with history and poets without history." What Tsvetaeva had in mind were poets "with development" and poets "without development," writers who grow into their gifts as opposed to those writers whose earliest verses already bear the stamp of their mature literary personalities. But Tsvetaeva's own biography attests to the ways that history in a different sense, history with a capital "H," left its mark on the lives of East European poets in this century. Revolution, exile, war, privation, Stalinist oppression and finally suicide: the events that shaped Tsvetaeva's life will seem sadly familiar to the reader of Tomas Venclova's superb study of the great Polish writer Aleksander Wat.

Wat was a "poet with history" with a vengeance. The story of his poetic evolution cannot be divorced from the twentieth century's great traumas, which he experienced, as the Poles say, on his own skin. Wat, a Jew, was caught between totalitarian regimes, German and Russian. He lost family to Hitler's death camps, and he was himself given the grand tour of Stalin's elaborate apparatus of terror. "[I] bedded down in so many prisons! Fourteen!" Wat exclaims in a late lyric. "Enormous History, a mighty machine, and I had stuck my little foot in," he says, speaking of his early political activity, in his memoirs *My Century* (1977). The rest of him was soon to follow. Wat spent his postwar years (he died in 1967) assessing the scars, physical and psychic, left by his skirmishes with modern history in its totalitarian variant.

"My life was a patchwork affair," Wat remarks in *My Century*; and some critics have likewise seen his writing as a string of suggestive "unaccomplishments," brilliant fragments uncrowned by a magnum opus that would lend coherence to the whole. Wat himself would have agreed. He would have been satisfied, as Czeslaw Milosz comments, only "by a work titled *Everything About Everything*." He was forced to make do instead with a series of essays, lyrics and prose fragments—one of his favorite genres, Venclova observes, was "novel-notes," jottings toward unwritten prose works—squeezed out when health and history permitted. Venclova gives tantalizing tidbits of Wat's unfinished projects: a novel on Lee Harvey Oswald; a short story in which King Lear meets the KGB; a fictional rendition of Stalin's secret diaries (destined, Wat hoped, for the best-seller lists).

What was fortunate, though, to find champions, in his lifetime and after, who have struggled to bring his work to its proper audience. Or even to bring it into existence. His compatriot Milosz has not only written extensively on Wat and translated, with Leonard Nathan, many of his postwar lyrics. He also served as midwife to *My Century*, an autobiography unlike any other, one of the most powerful documents to emerge from Stalin's prisons. It is actually an edited transcript of tape-recorded conversations with Milosz, who instigated the project when Wat, plagued by chronic pain, found himself unable to compose the autobiography that would record for posterity his encounters with the "devil in history."

Tomas Venclova, a distinguished Lithuanian poet and critic now teaching at Yale, is no stranger to the plight of the dissident-exile that he describes in his study of Wat. He weaves Wat's life and writing into the meaningful whole that eluded Wat himself. For Wat, the poet's life and work, however flawed, were inseparable. He insists on the primacy of the poet's lived experience as the only legitimate voucher for artistic worth. A poem's value can be judged, Wat argues, only "by the price which the poet has paid for the poem, paid in his own flesh and blood—a question of biography which, according to the critics, should not be anybody's business."

Wat's concerns now seem conspicuously out of date. Modern scholars are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

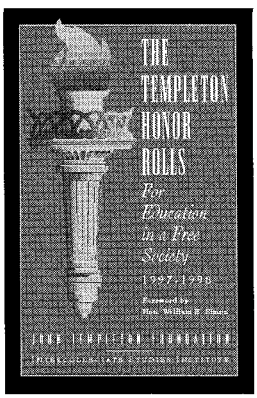
unlikely to dwell on metonymy and metaphor at the expense of the poet's life, particularly when the poet in question has had the misfortune not to subscribe to current academic fashions. Recent criticism is replete with writers being drubbed for political sins of commission (Eliot's anti-Semitism, Pound's fascism, Conrad's imperialism, Hawthorne's sexism) and omission ("Where are the starving peasants in 'Tintern Abbey'?" one Wordsworth scholar asks). Poetry, power, politics: Venclova's book would seem to have all the trappings of a post-structuralist hit. But no. He and his subject offer us something very different. The particular mix of poetics, ethics and history that Venclova illuminates in Wat's writing defies current theoretical assumptions, and that is not the least of this remarkable book's virtues.

Venclova allows Wat to speak for himself on the topic of his political transgressions; he does not see his job as the unmasking of his subject's ideological iniquities. And Wat is wrenchingly eloquent on his own failings. In the poem "Bookkeeping" (1966), Wat writes: "I've been paying. For everything. Body and soul / ... True, / the interest has mounted up so high that I won't be paid off / Before the Judgment Day." And the self-castigation resurfaces in the autobiography: "I have never allowed myself to forget my basic duty—to pay, to pay for those two or three years of moral insanity. And I paid, and paid."

What were the sins that exacted so high a price? What was the moral insanity Wat deplores? His Stalinist interrogators accused him of being everything from a Trotskyite to a Zionist to a Vatican spy. Wat himself is more specific. His crime was that he became a communist at a time when it was possible not to be one. He aligned himself with the Polish Communist Party—though he never formally joined it—during Poland's brief period of independence between the wars, and he edited the Marxist journal the *Literary Monthly* for several years. In his own eyes, he was guilty of a poet's mortal sin. He had used his gifts to recruit others to what he soon realized was a brutal and inhuman cause.

Ezra Pound, who actively campaigned for Mussolini, was notably short on contrition. "To confess wrong without losing rightness: / Charity I have had sometimes, / I cannot make it flow thru," he conceded in Canto CXVI. For Wat, by contrast, a lifetime was not enough to expunge his relatively brief infatuation with "the devil in history" that was Soviet communism. He had collaborated, however briefly, in creating one of the two world-historical monsters responsible for

EXCELLENCE IN EDUCATION



Excellence in education—that's what the just-published book, *The Templeton Honor Rolls for Education in a Free Society*, 1997-98, is all about.

The book describes more than 125 honorees in four award categories: colleges and universities; departments and special programs; scholarly books and textbooks; and professors.

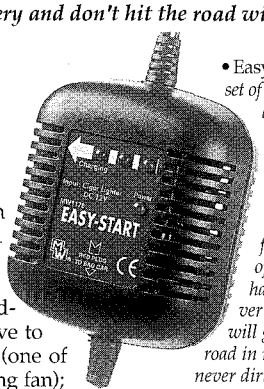
Former Treasury Secretary William Simon, who chaired the blue-ribbon selection panel for the awards, has said: "The Honor Rolls are the result of a rigorous and demanding process whereby the leading institutions, scholars, and books in American higher education have been identified and described."

To receive this 200-page book for only a $3.95 shipping charge, contact the Intercollegiate Studies Institute at 1-800-526-7022 or send e-mail to: templeton@isi.org. Orders can also be faxed to 1-302-652-1760.

Be prepared: Don't get caught with a dead battery and don't hit the road without...

EasyStart™
only $49.95*

***But read this ad for an even better deal!**



• EasyStart™ *features a set of LED signals that alerts you to the proper functioning and charging of the battery. The unit is supplied with a 14-foot cable, plenty of room without having to maneuver the two cars. You will get back on the road in no time and will never dirty your hands recharging your battery.*

Few things are more discouraging than turning the key in your car's ignition and hearing a sickening click-click-click. That's why savvy drivers never leave home without a set of jumper cables. But cables have many disadvantages: They take up a lot of room; you have to open and work under the hoods of two cars (one of which has its engine running and a fast-spinning fan); and, most of all, it is very dangerous, because connecting the cable to the exposed batteries can lead to explosion and very severe damage.

Make life easy and more comfortable for yourself with *EasyStart*™. Simply put one of its plugs into the "live" car's lighter socket and the other plug into the "dead" car's socket. Your battery will charge within five minutes and you will be back on the road. You won't have to crawl under the hood, you won't have to get your hands dirty, and , most important perhaps, you won't have to expose yourself to the danger of the unprotected battery.

We are large importers of *EasyStart*™ and can bring you this clever automotive device for just $49.95 (less than a pair of good cables). But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for just $99.90 and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments — absolutely FREE.*** Avert the most frequent calamity that can befall you on the road. Order your *EasyStart(s)*™ today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 797-7367
24 Hours a Day, 7 days a week.

Please give order #**1059C919** for *EasyStart*™. Give Visa/MC number and expiration date and daytime phone # for all orders. Add $4.95 ship./ins. charge (plus sales tax for California delivery). You have 30-day refund and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For customer service please call (415) 543-6675. For wholesale orders, call Chris Simpson at that same number.

since 1967
haverhills®
185 Berry St., San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

devouring so many millions of lives, including friends and family.

Marxism, as Irving Howe remarked, has found an old-age home in the American academy. To hunt out literary fascists, racists, imperialists, and sexists is so pleasant and so rewarding. But what does one do with a poet who, having found the true faith, renounces it? What does one make of an apostate who spends the last two decades of his life working to undo the evil that he had done in the name of Marx? This is precisely the great project of Wat's late poetry and prose. Venclova cannily notes how Wat's early writing anticipates major tendencies in modern critical thought. "Intertextuality," "the death of the author," "the self as cultural construct": such notions figure implicitly in Wat's art from the beginning. But Wat's life and writing also expose gaping holes in literary studies as they are now practiced. Since Wat begins from premises similar to those guiding contemporary literary theory, his late scrutiny of his early politics and art bears unlikely fruit.

As a young man, Wat "implicitly defined human consciousness as totally determined by cultural codes," in Venclova's words. Wat came by his definition honestly. His childhood was a volatile brew of conflicting identities. He was born on May 1, 1900—the symbolism of the date did not escape him—to a cultured Polish Jewish family whose lineage included rabbis, poets, and Christian converts, including a Viennese priest. A precocious child, he was an avowed Darwinist by the age of 6 or 7, and his many siblings counted atheists and revolutionaries among their number. His beloved nanny, a peasant named Anna Mikulak, nonetheless managed to smuggle the budding iconoclast to Catholic masses on the sly. Wat never resolved the contradictions that shaped his early childhood. Indeed, he was at his best on the borderlines between these various "codes." And this became the strength of his mature art. Never fully at home in any one system of belief, he juxtaposes ideologies and worldviews throughout his late poetry, in this way exposing the pitfalls of each.

Wat's religious poems illustrate this vividly. He underwent a conversion of sorts in Stalin's prisons, and yet he could not help seeing God the Father's sadistic streak even as he struggled to heed His call. God allies himself with Wat's tormenters in one poem composed in prison:

> He ripped me from my roots and hurled
> me in the dust
> and swept the roads with me and in a rage
> of hate,
> he struck me with thunderbolts and cast
> me into chaos,
> hacked my son from me, stripped me of my
> wife.

Like the Russian-Jewish poet Osip Mandelstam, Wat feared "the Old Testament God and his awesome, totalitarian power." The Jehovah of the poem "The Last Judgment" (1948) bears an unnerving resemblance to Stalin himself, as he enslaves the nations of the world and forces those who "dwell in the Lord" to sing his praises. Wat identified himself instead with Christ, the ur-victim whom God tortures enthusiastically in another lyric:

> Then you overtook me and impaled me!
> You hung me between thieves!
> Then you hammered nails into my
> forehead,
> hands and feet . . .

Wat formally converted to Christianity and was baptized in 1954. Venclova argues, though, that Wat's Savior was in fact an unconverted Jew. Wat's version of Christianity "ended on the cross," as he writes in *My Century*. He rejects the resurrection that is the Christian promise of salvation in favor of an endlessly suffering Christ, whom he called "a Jew from alpha to omega," "a personified unity of Jewish martyrology." And this Jewish martyr becomes, in turn, the emblem of Hitler's and Stalin's countless victims.

The mature Wat produced some of the greatest and most unorthodox religious lyrics in the Polish language. As a young man, however, he sought to resolve his doubts by other means. Prodigiously erudite and ruthlessly skeptical, he was a prime candidate for the avant-garde movements that flourished in the newly independent Poland of the 1920s. The revolutionary poet Vladimir Mayakovsky, who met and admired Wat, called him "a born futurist." Like Eliot and Pound, Wat saw the modern age as marking the collapse of Western culture. Like Mayakovsky and other avant-gardists, he worked to hasten its demise. "Civilization and its culture with its justice—to the trash heap," the young Wat proclaimed, in a pronouncement that must have haunted him later.

He found more nuanced ways to challenge tradition in his two major early works, the Rimbauldian prose-poem *ME from One Side and ME from the Other Side of My Pug Iron Stove* (1919) and *Lucifer Unemployed* (1926), a collection of perverse "philosophical parables" that call to mind Borges or Kafka. Venclova's reading of *Pug Iron Stove* is a tour de force. In this work, Wat takes his reader on a rampage through Western civilization. It reads, in Venclova's phrase, like "an immense library gone mad." But like *The Waste Land*, the poem also represents a quest for faith against the backdrop of what Eliot called "the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history." What might seem an opaque, if fascinating, exercise in *écriture automatique* becomes, in Venclova's gifted hands, not only the Rosetta stone for Wat's mature writing, but also a modernist masterpiece that belongs in the company of other modernist masterpieces, Slavic and Western, that question the value of tradition, language and selfhood in a disrupted age.

Both *Pug Iron Stove* and *Lucifer Unemployed* were ground-clearing operations. They demolished cultural myths and values with ferocious glee, but they left the young poet with little to replace them. Unable to endure his own corrosive skepticism, Wat began drifting leftward. Like so many avant-garde artists—Mayakovsky, Breton, Éluard, Aragon, Brecht—he found relief from his doubts in the reassuringly comprehensive dogmas of the Communist Party. His activities as a propagandist, an editor and a socialist realist critic led to Wat's first stint in prison, the relatively benign Polish jail he occupied for several months in 1931-32. Wat and the entire editorial board of the leftist *Literary Monthly* were packed off to the Warsaw Central Prison for their subversive activities in September of 1931.

The same activities would have far more ominous consequences seven years later, during the joint German-Russian invasion of Poland. Wat took his chances on the Soviet conquerors and fled with his family to Lwow, in what is now Ukraine. He had long since lost faith in the Soviet state, but his attempts to adopt the protective camouflage of a born-again true believer were in vain. The leaders of the Polish Communist Party had already perished in Stalin's purges, but fellow-travellers such as Wat could not be left at large. He spent the war years in a series of Soviet prisons, including the dreaded Lubyanka, and was finally reunited with his wife and son in what was then Soviet Kazakhstan, where they, like many Poles, were exiled by Stalin.

Wat's years in prison resulted not only in his conversion. They also marked his return to poetry—Venclova gives eloquent readings of several harrowing wartime lyrics—and the onset of the disease, later diagnosed as Wallenberg's syndrome, that would plague him the rest of his life. The Wats returned to Poland

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after the war, where Wat sought, with some success, to reconcile himself with the Communist regime while retaining his artistic independence. The post-war years witnessed his triumphant return to literature. His collection, called simply *Poems,* was published in 1957 to wide acclaim. A new generation found in Wat a formidable mentor, unparalleled in his moral and poetic power.

But Wat's successes were tempered by official persecution and bouts of debilitating illness. Hospitals succeeded prisons for Wat, held captive by what he called "the four walls of my pain." The Wats had already spent extended periods abroad in hopes of a respite from both ill health and oppression. Their exile became official in 1959, when they took up permanent residence in France. (They briefly shared an apartment with a fellow émigré named Roman Polanski.) The story of Wat's final years is not easy reading. The family struggled to make ends meet while Wat, wracked by chronic pain, was tortured by his failure to complete the work that would encompass the twentieth century's atrocities from his unique perspective as witness, victim, and accomplice. Wat committed suicide in Paris in 1967.

Venclova wisely ends his study not with Wat's death, but with his greatest triumphs in poetry and prose. Wat was spared little in his lifetime, but he has been posthumously blessed with a biographer whose erudition and understanding make him a near-perfect match for his subject. And in his final chapters Venclova demonstrates that Wat, against all odds, did leave precisely the legacy he had hoped for.

Modern poetry, Sartre once remarked, "is a case of the loser winning." Ideology, disease, religion, art: the same forces that plagued Wat in his final years fueled the creation of lyrics as great as anything the twentieth century has to offer. These poems have precisely the moral weight that Wat saw as the mark of authentic art: they are heroic. They are also recondite, wrenching and sometimes surprisingly funny. Milosz has noted the slapstick humor that pits Karl Marx against Groucho Marx in Wat's late poems. One sees the ex-Dadaist's wit at work in "A Turtle from Oxford" (1962), as Wat struggles to extract the secrets of his ancient ancestry from a surly, donnish turtle on the lawns of Magdalen College—but the poem's tone shifts radically near its end as the turtle turns the tables on his interlocutor. During his Central Asian exile, Wat had worked for a time as a cook's assistant, butchering turtles for their meat. The turtle's accusation has obvious implications:

> My brothers' blood splashed your eyes,
> splattered your face, your rags, you
> wallowed in their blood, but you
> couldn't get enough. You never got
> enough. Not enough. Not enough. Not
> enough....

Once again we find ourselves facing Wat's great theme as he grapples with his complicity in his century's crimes. He saw his illness as a scourge from God, a punishment for succumbing to the seductions of Marxism; his suffering body was a text stamped by the vileness of the age. He could not cure his own disease or his century's, but he emerged as a brilliant diagnostician of his evil age. Venclova has sifted through Wat's scattered writings on Soviet communism to produce, in a chapter called "A Critique of Stalinist Reason," a stunning essay on totalitarian culture.

It is in this matter that one most laments the failure of the academic left to confront the history of leftist oppression in this century. Literary scholars expose the "hegemonic" underpinnings of modern culture, but the societies that are the subjects of their exposés are almost always bourgeois, Western and capitalist. "Historicize, historicize!" the cultural critics cry. But they have successfully severed themselves from the large chunks of history that call their convictions into question. Venclova himself does not make the case against recent theory that Wat's writings invite (this is my only quibble with his wonderful book); yet Wat is a perfect test case for the assumptions underlying such ideological criticism. This is not just because his theories on hegemony were forged in dungeons and not in ivory towers. It is also because Wat's critique of totalitarianism anticipates later trends in post-structuralist thought. In his studies on Stalinism, Wat examines the ways in which the totalitarian state manipulates linguistic and cultural codes in order to repress opposing views. Ideological agendas are "naturalized," made to appear innate and inevitable; and resistance becomes unthinkable. Like recent cultural critics, Wat aims in his writings "to demystify language as a strategy of power," in Venclova's phrase. But with a crucial difference: Wat takes as his target precisely the Marxist theory that so much modern scholarship sees as liberating us from the snares of capitalist hegemony and bourgeois mystifications.

Wat insists, moreover, that Stalinism was the logical continuation of Marxist thought. "I have always maintained that Stalinism was in fact the sole perfect, the sole pure manifestation of Marxism and Communism," he wrote in *My Century.* Marxism was guilty from the start of what Gary Saul Morson has called "semiotic totalitarianism." It is a philosophy determined "not only to explain the world but to remake it," as Wat remarks. And when the world inevitably declines to be remade, Marxist regimes respond by remaking their representation of the world, and woe to the individuals or the nations who persist in seeing things differently.

Aleksander Wat, as he emerges from Venclova's book, is not only one of the twentieth century's great poets. He is also among the most impassioned and powerful critics of its totalitarian legacy. His art and his argument, as Venclova notes, helped to liberate the literature of postwar Poland from "the all-consuming ideologization" that threatened it. It is unlikely that Wat will have the same impact on American literary studies today, where he may be dismissed (as he was by the communist hard-liners) as an embittered right-wing fanatic. It is galling to think that this magnificent writer should find himself excluded from the debates on which he may shed so much sorely needed light.

CLARE CAVANAGH is Associate Professor of Slavic Languages at the University of Wisconsin and the author of *Osip Mandelstam and the Modernist Creation of Tradition* (Princeton University Press).

TEACH YOURSELF ONE OF 52 LANGUAGES IN ONLY 60-80 HOURS

BASIC INTERMEDIATE AND ADVANCED-LEVEL COURSES

Afrikaans, Amharic, Arabic, Bulgarian, Cantonese, Czech, Danish, Dutch, English, Estonian, Finnish, French, Gaelic (Scots), German, Greek, Haitian Creole, Hausa, Hebrew, Hindi, Hungarian, Indonesian, Irish, Italian, Japanese, Khmer, Korean, Lakota, Latin, Latvian, Lithuanian, Mandarin, Norwegian, Persian, Polish, Portuguese, Romanian, Russian, Serbo-Croatian, Slovak, Spanish, Swahili, Swedish, Tagalog, Thai, Tibetan, Turkish, Ukrainian, Urdu, Uzbek, Vietnamese, Welsh, Yoruba, Zulu

AUDIO-FORUM®
Room K610,
96 Broad Street,
Guilford, CT 06437
Fax (203) 453-9774

CALL OR WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG
1-888-773-2548

e-mail: RK610@audioforum.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

browser discovering them casually among the picture books.

KAREN JO GOUNAUD
President, Family Friendly Libraries
Springfield, Virginia

Crabby

To the editors:

Richard Poirier writes contemptuously about my editing of T.S. Eliot's early unpublished poems ("The Waste Sad Time," April 28). He offers three expanded instances of my bad practice and bad motives. Let me reply to each.

First, he makes much of the charge that the edition "mistakenly includes with the Bolo poems something called 'Fragments.'" "[I]t was not written by Eliot. It was copied by Eliot in pencil from an old poem by someone else called 'The Ball of Kirriemuir.' According to a correspondent in *The Guardian*, who was among those who noticed Ricks's error, the poem was published at least as long ago as 1719."

I was not unaware of the rollicking classic; I regret to say that my brother and I used to sing it in the school-dormitory fifty years ago (his address has for some years now been "Glen Clova, by Kirriemuir"), and the ballad was, as it happens, brought to my mind when editing these poems of Eliot's, since the anthology that first included any of Eliot's Bolo poems, John Whitworth's *The Faber Book of Blue Verse* (1990), comes to a resounding end with "The Ball of Kirriemuir."

There can be no canonical version of such a ballad, any more than of other old favorites like "Eskimo Nell" or "The Good Ship Venus." When it comes to knowing all these oral transmissions, I am neither G. Legman nor was meant to be, but I'm happy to make a bet with Poirier: $100, to a charity of his choice, if he can now exhibit for the readers of TNR an attested version of "The Ball of Kirriemuir" to show that "Fragments" (with its "half a dollar") "was not written by Eliot. It was copied by Eliot...." Even better: I'll *give* him a further $100 if he can produce "a correspondent in *The Guardian*" who wrote what Poirier claims was written there: that "The Ball of Kirriemuir" "was published at least as long ago as 1719." Special offer, very generous, leave Eliot out of it, and even leave out the truth, or not, of the statement Poirier says was made in *The Guardian*: $100, free—and, unlike the bet, it needn't go to charity. Are we on?

Not written by Eliot? The lines are his as many of Robert Burns's or Walter Scott's are theirs. Eliot was writing variations, dud ones unfortunately, on a good old theme, and the lines are both his and the tradition's. "Original with the minimum of alteration": a great phrase of Eliot's.

Poirier needed my "error," duly invoked three times in quick succession, in order to effect his move into exposing my "ostentatious apparatus." (Handsome of him to put it like this immediately after pursing his lips at those "four and twenty inches" and at my "spectacular displays.") There soon followed his most elaborated instance—two long paragraphs—of "the tedious irrelevance" of my notes, notes which

> result primarily from Ricks's need to dazzle. And, in the interest of doing so, he often willingly ignores or distorts the plain evidence. No one has ever had any trouble, so far as I can discover, with the famous lines from "Prufrock": "I should have been a pair of ragged claws/ Scuttling across the floors of silent seas."

Poirier holds that these "are most likely to be the claws specifically of a Maine lobster." "Eliot might, by stretching it a bit, be referring to crab claws, but there is no good reason to suppose that he is." "Why, then, does Ricks insist in his notes on referring to crabs? For the reason, I guess, that he is in possession of some prime catches on the subject of 'crabs.'"

But the accusation that here I distort the plain evidence (so that I may self-servingly show off) rests upon the pretense that no one has ever imagined (has ever had to imagine) a crab in those lines from "Prufrock." Not true. For instance, Grover Smith long ago suggested that the lines might relate to the crab in *Hamlet*, Act II, scene ii, and Brian Southam accepted and elaborated on this crab. Helen Gardner effected an immediate transition from the three lines in Eliot's "Rhapsody on a Windy Night" (within the "Prufrock" volume) about "a crab," "an old crab," to these two lines about the "ragged claws." Hugh Kenner, recalling Eliot on this "crab one afternoon in a pool," wrote with fidelity:

> he suddenly imagines how, from their elevation, he would look scuttling by in the street: like a crab at the bottom of a pool.
> I should have been a pair of ragged claws
> Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.
> —not even the full crab, just the claws and the scuttle.

Like many other people, I find "scuttling" to be particularly evocative of a crab—lobsters don't much go in for scuttling. But my objection is not to Poirier's preference for lobster ("famous as a delicacy in coastal towns on Cape Ann," etc.). My objection is to his willingly ignoring or distorting the plain evidence that plenty of readers before me have here seen a crab in their mind's eye. His not believing that there is a crab there in Eliot, like his not believing that my notes on crabs contribute anything at all, is a matter of judgment; his making out that I have disingenuously made up the crab is dishonest.

His third, and only other, elaborated stricture is a difference of judgment, the sort of thing an editor has to expect. Poirier does not hear anything of the grand old Duke of York, "They were neither up nor down," in Eliot's "Looking neither out nor in." (Here a thirteen-word note is contested in more than thirty lines of a review.) He may be right. Yet it is not solely a matter of "mere syntactical or structural similarity," but of a further similarity of the rhythm and of the placing within the line. Nor is it the case that the Duke of York is "not at all" like the figure in Eliot's poem: the Duke is not entirely what Poirier calls "a pleasantly eccentric figure of fun," and anyway Eliot's figure, with his "sword and fan," is in his turn something of a pleasantly eccentric figure of fun, surrounded by "popular benignity." (Poirier takes care not to quote any of those bits.) My thirteen words may be mistaken, but I'd not have noted the nursery rhyme had Eliot not been someone who often made use of nursery rhyme, for instance "London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down" in *The Waste Land*, and, in "The Hollow Men," "Here we go round the prickly pear." I even suspect, though I didn't emit a note, that, if Eliot hadn't relished "four and twenty blackbirds," we might never have heard of those "four and twenty inches."

Finally, Eliot really didn't allude, as Poirier had it, to something called *The Aspen Papers*. Come down, O Dick, from yonder mountain height...

CHRISTOPHER RICKS
Boston, Massachusetts

Richard Poirier replies:

In the abundance of its self-refutations, Professor Ricks's letter of complaints is nearly disarming. Thus, whether there exists a "canonical" text, written by some earlier poet or balladier, for Eliot's Bolo poem called "Fragments," is a silly issue to raise and a question in this case of no consequence. What is of consequence is that Ricks now concedes that the poem does exist in much earlier versions. His failure to mention this fact in his edition was what I and others have called an error. The error was pointed out not only in a letter to the Manchester *Guardian* but in the *Times Literary Supplement*, where reference was made to "the ancient bawdy ballad 'The Ball of Kirriemuir.'" Both of these corrections are referred to, in turn, in a report from London by Paul Levy, which Ricks can find in *The Wall Street Journal* of September 12, 1996.

So what is he complaining about on that score? Who could have known until now that those frolicsome Ricks brothers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of fifty years ago used to entertain the school-dormitory by singing what he has got round to calling this "rollicking classic"? Except for having been there with the lads, there is no other way to be sure that Ricks had any inkling when he prepared his edition that the poem existed in an earlier version by someone else. I trust he is telling the truth in his letter, but why did he keep it to himself, when to reveal it in his notes might have done him and his readers some good and spared him the criticisms that now jog his memories of fraternal boyhood? In no other instance in this extended scholarly moon walk of his does he fail to seize any opportunity whatever to show off an encyclopedic knowledge—or a knowledge of what is assembled in encyclopedias—of earlier versions or supposed versions of Eliot's words and phrases as they may echo through the mazes of English and European literatures.

As for those lines in "Prufrock"—"I should have been a pair of ragged claws / Scuttling across floors of silent seas"—my review leaves no doubt that, while there are sufficient reasons for thinking that Eliot is referring to lobster more than to crab claws, it makes no essential difference. I raised the issue only because Ricks, in his notes on the lines, makes such a ludicrous fuss about crabs, to the total exclusion of lobsters, and does so, it appears, solely because he has on hand some notes about the one but not about the other, when no note at all is called for. Accurately quoting me as saying, plainly, that "No one has ever had any trouble, so far as I can discover," with these lines, he then misrepresents me as saying instead that no one has ever identified the claws as crab claws. What he quotes from me in his letter effectively wipes out his grievance over what he only inaccurately alleges I'm saying. He undoes himself similarly in his notes. His illustrative quotations of passages about crabs in the OED has to do with crab lice, not claws, and both the passage he cites from Turgenev's "Smoke" and from Darwin's *Descent of Man*, were apparently, and on Ricks's own testimony, read by Eliot only after he wrote the lines they are said to have influenced.

Finally, about my charge of irrelevance when it comes to his finding an echo of an old nursery rhyme about "the grand old Duke of York" (whose men are said to be "neither up nor down") in Eliot's little poem "Mandarins" ("With fixed regardless eyes—looking neither out nor in")—Ricks concedes that "I may be right."

Professor Ricks should not be offering to lose his money on his notes or on what anyone has or has not said about them. He should use it to help pay for better research assistance.

TRB *continued from page 6*

age Democratic primary voter sunk to its lowest level in real, inflation-adjusted terms since 1980: a miserable $17,150, or just 10 percent of the salary of the Vice President of the United States."

On principle, the Gephardt Committee on Fairness for Our Own Mothers and Fathers, For God's Sake, will issue a report called "Throwing Grandma to the Wolves: How the Gingrich-Gore-Clinton Budget Savaged FDR's Legacy and Slashed Medicare and Social Security and Destroyed the Lives of Decent People Who Worked Hard All Their Lives and Sacrificed Everything and Never Asked For Anything and This Is the Thanks They Get."

We may expect counter-stands of principle from Gore. Gore's particular speciality in the principle line is the derivation of public principle from private sorrow. At this, he has no peer. He is, after all, the man who milked the near-death of a son during the 1992 convention and the death of a sister during the 1996 convention. Gore's other great talent is at pointing out his opponents' failings of principled behavior more in sorrow than in anger. In style, he is not smooth. He has, for a boomer politician, a curiously nineteenth-century manner, with his self-consciously declamatory speech and gestures; he is the only politician I know who, when he wishes to register sincerity, actually presses his hand to his heart. And his quirk of radically emphasizing random words and syllables makes his utterances always strike the ear about half a note off. But it is Gore's very awkwardness that makes his delivery of more-in-sorrow lines so effective: people associate clumsiness with sincerity.

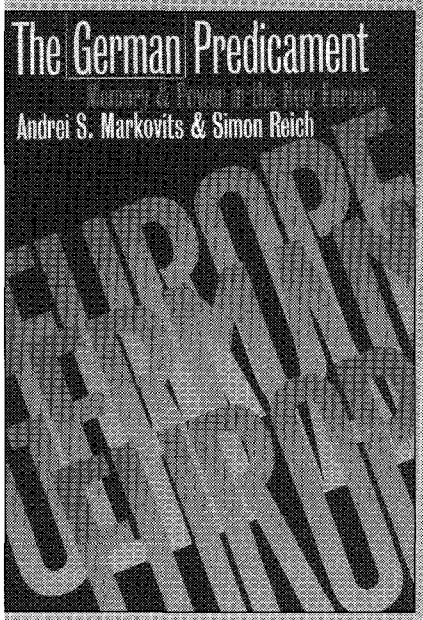
So, as the principled Gephardt speaks in outrage, the principled Gore will speak in sorrow. Lugubriously, Gore will point out that the gentleman from Missouri is a relic of the doomed Old Democratic past, "a voice for the politics of division, not the politics of wholeness." Regretfully, he will note the similarity between Gephardtism and Buchananism. Crestfallen, he will detect more than a whiff of racism in Gephardt's cries against foreign political influence. "You know," Gore will say, shaking his head mournfully, at a $10,000-a-plate fund-raiser hosted by Concerned Confucians for Gore, "we are all Americans. And it is a sad day when SOME of us good Americans—good ASIAN-Americans, good MEXican-Americans, good ITALian-Americans, good African-AMERICANS—can be told that their money isn't GOOD enough." Then he will put his hand on his HEART.

It is going to be a very principled couple of years.

MICHAEL KELLY

THE GERMAN PREDICAMENT

Memory and Power in the New Europe



ANDREI S. MARKOVITS AND SIMON REICH

"[The authors] demonstrate the two ways the 'new' Germany is shown today: a Germany, well aware of the Holocaust, that has been 'Europeanized' and is ready to lead capitalist and democratic movements in Europe, and the Germany that built the concentration camps, was suppressed by the victors, and may one day try again to 'Germanize' Europe. . . . A probing study."
—*Library Journal*

"History, culture, politics, and military and economic power resources are all ingredients of a most insightful and comprehensive analysis of the mix of domestic and international forces defining Germany's new role."
—CLAUS OFFE
Humboldt-Universität zu Berlin

$29.95 At bookstores or call (800) 666-2211

Cornell
UNIVERSITY PRESS
Sage House • 512 East State Street
Ithaca, New York 14850

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON DIARIST

Immemorial

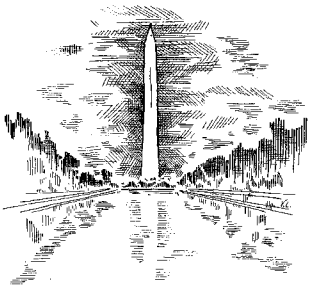
THE CHORDS OF MEMORY ARE NOT mystic anymore. They are ubiquitous, promotional, therapeutic and lucrative, and they sunder what once they joined, as the historical sense of America is broken down into the historical senses of its parts, who have discovered the political power of sacred pasts. Having been warned for decades about the dangers of forgetting, Americans are now obstreperously remembering. Maybe they are mistaking memories for traditions. In this city the memorials are proliferating, and the Mall is turning into a field of increasingly particular pieties. All of the experiences that are honored there are real and affecting; but the experience that is really honored on the Mall is the experience of commemoration. Americans travel there to enjoy their favorite pastime, which is emotionalism. And it is hard indeed not to be moved, except that each of these narrowing monuments also denotes a grievance averted and a group appeased.

AS OF A FEW WEEKS AGO, THERE IS no place in the capital more conducive to a contemplation of American meanings (and to a kiss) than the granite walk along the Tidal Basin at the edge of the Franklin Delano Roosevelt Memorial. At night, a bridge of light falls across the water from the Washington Monument, promising a polity of geometrical perfection and chaste as white. In another flood of light gleams the temple that houses Jefferson and the theory of the city that lies before you. If there is a breeze and a moon, history may seem to dissolve into nature. But resist the melting feeling. At the FDR Memorial, husband your historicity. For a historical travesty has been perpetrated here.

"ROOM THREE" IS THE MEMORIAL'S treatment of Roosevelt's third term, or the war. As you approach it, a wall announces: "We must be the great arsenal of democracy." You can almost taste the glory to come. Then you arrive at two groups of large stones piled haphazardly, in the manner of debris. On one of these stones the words "I HATE" are engraved, and on the stone next to it, the word "WAR," almost like graffiti carved in protest. But those are FDR's words, as the nearby wall indicates:

> I HAVE SEEN WAR. I have seen war on land and sea.... I have seen the dead in the mud. I have seen cities destroyed.... I have seen children starving. I have seen the agony of mothers and wives. I HATE WAR.

So you would not know from "Room Three" that Roosevelt not only hated war, but also waged war. And you would not know that the war he waged was also a just war. The Franklin Delano Roosevelt Memorial is making apologies for the Second World War! (*If he was such a good man, grandpa, how come you were in a war?*)



THE WAR THAT ROOsevelt was recalling in those words was the First World War, but you would not know from this monument that he did not serve in that war; that he visited it once, as assistant secretary of the Navy, in July 1918 ("Eager for adventure,..." writes a biographer, "he saw fighting at a distance"); that he thrilled to the thought of battle ("most exciting of all, he came under sporadic artillery fire"); that all his life he regretted that he had never been in uniform. You would not know also that in the Second World War he was fanatical in his insistence that the aim of the Allied war effort was nothing less than unconditional surrender, or that he was, as Harry Hopkins said, "a believer in bombing." A triumph of decontextualization.

AND IT GETS WORSE. THE WORDS on that wall were said by Roosevelt in a particular time for a particular purpose. They are excerpted from a speech that he delivered at Chautauqua, New York, on August 14, 1936. It was a campaign speech, given a few weeks after the Democratic convention in Philadelphia, at a time when Roosevelt's handlers feared that Landon was looking good; and its objective was quite simply to assure the American people that the president was not an internationalist. In its entirety, the speech is contemptible. It is, indeed, a locus classicus of American isolationism. Roosevelt expressed more than a horror of war. He said also that "we are not isolationists except in so far as we seek to isolate ourselves completely from war"; that "the noblest monument to peace ... in all the world" is the boundary between the United States and Canada; that "we shun political commitments which might entangle us in a foreign war" (though "I am glad to say that ... we are part of the world effort to control traffic in narcotics, to improve international health, to help child welfare, to eliminate double taxation and to better working conditions and laboring hours throughout the world"); that "the economic source of war," or "greed," was primary among the causes of war, and the choice facing America was "profits or peace." (All this, before Richard Barnet!) And the president concluded:

> We seek to dominate no other Nation. We ask no territorial expansion. We oppose imperialism. We desire reduction in world armaments. We believe in democracy; we believe in freedom; we believe in peace. We offer to every Nation of the world the handclasp of the good neighbor. Let those who wish our friendship look us in the eye and take our hand.

DID ROOSEVELT really believe this dangerous idyllic crap? It was not the first time that he bent the knee before what James MacGregor Burns nicely (and sardonically) calls "the God of No Foreign War." And it was not the last: in the final days of the campaign against Willkie in 1940, Roosevelt pledged that "your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars." But he was a politically expedient man, and in the 1930s political expediency demanded a foreign policy of introversion and indifference. America was a suffering country insensible of suffering countries. Its president does not seem to have been similarly insensible, though his concessions to the neutral and the craven during that decade hastened the horrors. And yet, whatever the mottled nature of his philosophy and his diplomacy, Roosevelt became the grandest interventionist in American history, and the Second World War became the event in American history that should have forever disgraced the isolationist temper.

BUT THAT TEMPER HAS BEEN made quite literally into stone. (*He led us into the Second World War, son, but he would never have led us into Vietnam.*) The capital has a shrine to the God of No Foreign War. Those who do not wish to offer obeisance can repair to the water's edge and be sober. Very sober: for there, across the water, are the turrets at the top of the Holocaust Museum. A curse on the man just blessed! What good is intervention that tarries? There are standpoints from which it is all so sickening.

LEON WIESELTIER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ASTUTE ANALYSIS

Conservatism

An Anthology of Social and Political Thought from David Hume to the Present

Jerry Z. Muller

Conservatism brings together important specimens of European and American conservative social and political analysis from the mid-eighteenth century through our own day. It demonstrates that while the particular institutions have varied, there are characteristic features of conservative argument that recur over time and across borders.

This is essential reading for anyone who wants to understand the history of conservative thought.

"This collection is a richly diverse, intelligently designed, and helpfully annotated introduction to the world of conservative theory."—Thomas Pangle

Paper $19.95 ISBN 0-691-03711-6
Cloth $59.50 ISBN 0-691-03712-4

Dissolution

The Crisis of Communism and the End of East Germany

Charles S. Maier

Against the backdrop of one of the great transformations of our century, the sudden and unexpected fall of communism as a ruling system, Charles Maier recounts the history and demise of East Germany. *Dissolution* is the first book that spans the communist collapse and the ensuing process of unification, and that draws on newly available archival documents from the last phases of the GDR.

"This is a beautifully written and insightful account of the collapse of the East German regime. . . . It is a wonderfully thoughtful book."—Paul M. Kennedy

Cloth $29.95 ISBN 0-691-07879-3

Molding Japanese Minds

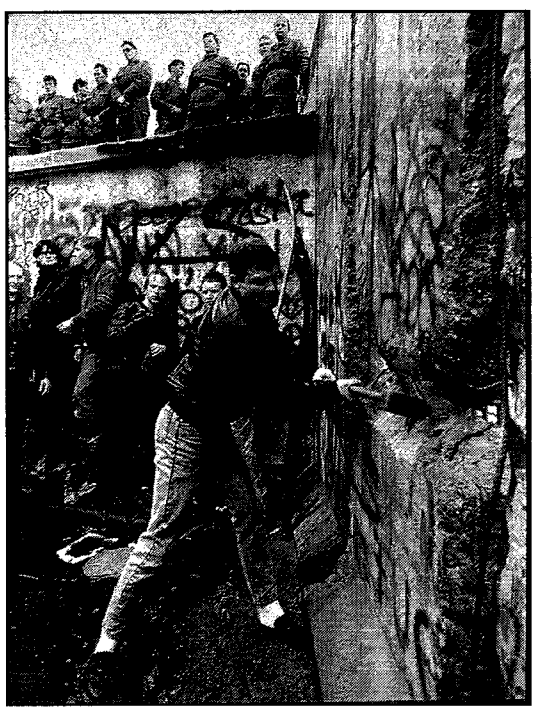
The State in Everyday Life

Sheldon Garon

"*Molding Japanese Minds* provides the best discussion I have seen of the intricate relationship between Japanese state institutions and civil society. It . . . helps us to think in more creative ways about the complex social evolution of modern Japan."—T. J. Pempel

"As with any superb work of history, one finishes this book with a renewed appreciation of the complexity of the human condition. . . ."—Andrew Gordon

Cloth $24.95 ISBN 0-691-04488-0

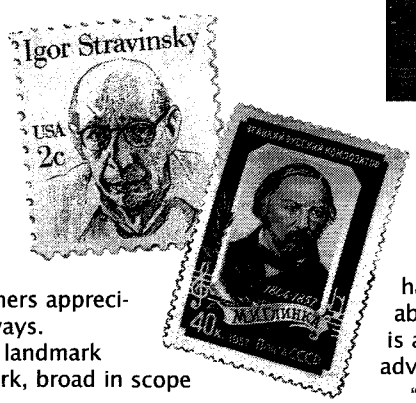


© Archive Photos

Defining Russia Musically

Historical and Hermeneutical Essays

Richard Taruskin



The world-renowned musicologist Richard Taruskin has long helped listeners appreciate Russian and Soviet music in new ways. *Defining Russia Musically* is one of his landmark achievements. Here is a major new work, broad in scope and thought-provoking throughout.

"Taruskin's study . . . reads like a Russian novel. It is a spectacular and timely project."—Caryl Emerson

Cloth $49.50 ISBN 0-691-01156-7

Believing in Opera

Tom Sutcliffe

The well-known opera critic Tom Sutcliffe has written an engaging and far-reaching book about opera performance and interpretation that is a unique tribute to the most distinctive and adventurous achievements of recent decades.

"This book is of major importance to the field of opera today."—Patrick Smith

Cloth $24.95 ISBN 0-691-01563-5
Available from Princeton in the U.S. only

Princeton University Press

AVAILABLE AT FINE BOOKSTORES OR DIRECTLY FROM THE PUBLISHER: 800-777-4726 • VISIT OUR WEBSITE: PUP.PRINCETON.EDU

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS ENVISIONED BY MICHAEL GRAVES.

POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS.

Bombay® Sapphire™ Gin. 47% alc/vol (94 Proof). 100% grain neutral spirits. ©1992 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, N.J. ©1992 Michael Graves.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED